Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Castroism's Appeal

John Gerassi

Vatican Council–Act One

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The Lawrence Legend

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

More than Rules

★ President Kennedy will win his fight to keep the House Rules Committee at 15. This will dilute Chairman Smith's conservative power. But most discussion seems beside the point. Even with 15 members the Rules Committee, 1961-62, killed school aid, urban affairs, mass transit, youth employment and similar bills. It normally lines up 8-to-7: 8 Kennedy Democrats *v* 4 GOP reactionaries and 3 Smith Dixiecrats. The President can't be sure even of this one-vote majority that stands between representative democracy and constitutional deadlock.

Furthermore, the Rules fight is only part of the battle. The Ways and Means Committee (15 Democrats, 10 Republicans) may determine the fate of the two biggest bills of the session, a quick tax cut and medicare. Chairman Mills doesn't like the tax cut, is cool to medicare. Democrats on the powerful Committee also pick the Democratic members of other House committees.

Presently Ways and Means has two Democratic vacancies; how these are allocated is as important as the Rules fight. The Administration can "buy" the whole 10-man Georgia House delegation to support its Rules fight if it will back Representative Landrum (D, Ga.), for one of the coveted Ways and Means vacancies. But conservative Landrum opposes a prompt tax cut, and probably medicare. Kennedy can get victory at one spot by losing somewhere else.

Nothing is ever so simple in Washington as it seems. The President can't hope for party responsibility by winning the Rules battle; he needs two other weapons: the "21-day discharge rule" that discharges a bill from the Rules Committee in three weeks if it won't act itself; and a "7-day rule," requiring the committee to report a bill to conference in a week, if both houses have previously favored it.

Will Mr. Kennedy get these tools? No, we don't think so. Papers will play up the Rules Committee "victory" (if we are right, and he gets it) and voters will not understand what a small forward step it is. The economy urgently needs a fast, massive tax cut; without it unemployment will zoom to over 6 percent. Will Kennedy get the cut? Again our honest opinion is, No, it will be delayed, it will not be retroactive and it will probably be insufficient. It will not be blocked by the majority of Congress, mind you, but by conservatism entrenched through the seniority rule in key committees, which operates to harden Congressional arteries like cholesterol in the bloodstream. Our wheezy Congress is not equipped to run the modern race.

"Uncrowned King of the Senate"

★ The late Senator Kerr was a man of jolly brutality. He represented what Americans most admire, business success, channeled in this case into politics. We always liked him. He had a code, lived up to it, and never had the slightest doubt of its validity. He did not drink, did not smoke, tithed the Baptists, was not sanctimonious, and unabashedly stood guard in the Senate over the biggest tax loophole of all, the 27.5 percent depletion allowance and petroleum tariffs which enriched his Kerr-McGee Oil Company, and his fellow Oklahoma tycoons. More than any man he symbolized the corrupting legislative conflict-of-interest which honeycombs Congress and is so taken for granted that a man like Kerr never even recognized it. Few cared to tangle with Kerr's devastating wit, but Sen. Paul Douglas did in a memorable encounter that witnesses will never forget, giving him the title "uncrowned king of the Senate." In private, Senator Douglas believed Kerr not only had the most money but the highest IQ in the Senate.

Senator Kerr filled the power vacuum left in 1961 by Lyndon Johnson's election as Vice President. His death suddenly leaves a new power vacuum.

America is still bleeding gold. Reports that the Treasury had stopped the gold hemorrhage are premature. Gold goes out to settle an adverse balance of payment and 1962 will show the USA lost about $2 billion or more. At this rate we have maybe five years to go, but actually we must do something drastic long before that. Enough gold isn't mined to sustain the world's rate of economic growth. So an ingenious system has been devised to let the dollar (and to a lesser extent sterling) act as a gold reserve currency for the Western world. This is all right, except that to prevent other nations' raiding our gold we have to keep interest rates high (exactly opposite to what we ought to do to stimulate growth and reduce unemployment), or reduce foreign aid and raise tariffs.

This is a preposterous situation. The doctor's prescription to cure us at home sickens us abroad; the idle Pittsburg worker is the captive of foreign involvements. Is it just a coincidence that the two nations, Britain and USA, with the most torpid economies are the ones whose currencies serve for world exchange? We doubt it. An obvious, but revolutionary, solution is to create a new world gold exchange medium, making the International Monetary Fund into an international central bank, and freeing the dollar and the pound from their burden. This is scoffed at by world bankers and the Federal Reserve Bank, and it has seemed pretty theoretical. But we can't go on bleeding gold; something soon must be done.

Washington Notes

★ Belief grows here that de Gaulle will reject the Kennedy Polaris missile deal; but a visit by the French leader is still possible . . . The recent annual meeting of scientists at Philadelphia noted that the primitive mental trait called "denial" has caused most Americans to erase from their minds the threat of nuclear obliteration; they know it is true but they just won't think about it, reported a symposium led by Harvard Professor Lester Grinspoon. . . . About the biggest issue now before the Supreme Court is a definition of "fair" representation in rural dominated state legislatures; last March, the Court ruled legislatures had to be reformed, now it must set guide lines.

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Playing the Game

The 88th Congress is slightly younger than the 87th and slightly friendlier toward the President's program. Kennedy's personal popularity, still sky-high following the Cuban crisis, has given his political punch more wallop. This would seem to be the moment a bold Executive would seize to push aside some of the barriers obstructing his programs on the Hill. But signs are that the President intends to go along with the status quo.

Mr. Kennedy talks freely of four main causes of his past problems with Congress: the seniority system, which puts his enemies in the driver's seat on most important measures; over-representation of rural areas; the special interest attitude of most members; and Congressional rules and procedures which give the advantage to those who would block legislation over those who want action. But there is no indication yet that the President will goad Congress into modernizing itself.

There are reasons, as there were in 1960, why this is a prudent position to take. As the first Kennedy Congress opened, the immediate necessity was to reform the House Rules Committee to prevent the conservative coalition, in control of that strategic point, from blocking off any advance toward a New Frontier program. That was done with the help of "Mr. Sam" by enlarging the committee from 12 to 15 members. Now that change, approved by five votes for the 87th only, must be revoted. The Administration rightly sets great store on winning this test again, and consequently is in no mood to antagonize Southern Democratic elders by attacking other ancient rules and procedures they hold dear.

Now, as in the previous Congress, the President has one priority measure for which he is willing to trade others. Last year, it was his international trade bill. This year it is a tax cut plan. Mr. Kennedy at long last is convinced that unless the US economy expands more rapidly, the US will be seriously handicapped in meeting its commitments abroad as well as checking further unemployment at home. To push a sizable tax cut through quickly will require a complicated series of deals with Southern Democrats and Republicans who fear deficits more than depressions. To put their backs up by simultaneously proposing procedural changes which would reduce their over-all power seems foolish to most Kennedy advisers.

In this Congress, as in the last one, the fate of the Medicare program as well as the tax bill hangs on two committees – Ways and Means in the House and Finance in the Senate. Both are dominated

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by Southerners who would bitterly resent an Administration assault on seniority control.

Two vacancies occurred on Ways and Means as a result of the election, and there is much vying for appointment to these powerful posts. The Administration is trying to drive bargains that will yield Southern votes for Rules Committee enlargement and for the Medicare bill in the Ways and Means Committee. On the Senate side, it is still too early to tell whether Senator Kerr's death will be a net gain or loss for the Administration. Last year Kerr killed Medicare, helped save the Trade Bill. He was one of the few men who could cow Senate Finance Chairman Byrd, an implacable foe of almost all Administration proposals. His death may give Byrd a freer hand in blackjacking Kennedy proposals, or it may make room for New Frontiersmen on other key committees.

This is the stuff Mr. Kennedy's mercurial majority in the 88th Congress is made of. Playing the game by the present rules will probably yield the President a victory on a tax-cut this year – not an inconsiderable gain – but not on "reform" of present inequities in the tax laws. Efforts will again be made on behalf of school aid and health care for the aged; the President's lobbying teams are preparing for the fray. But those who talked with Mr. Kennedy during his Palm Beach Christmas vacation reported him pessimistic about both measures. Although he is not prepared to lead a crusade to modernize Congress in 1963, neither does the President delude himself by anticipating rapid progress under the conditions that prevail.

Liberation of Cuba

The end-of-the-year rally in Miami honoring the ransomed Cuban invaders for their valor was chock full of emotion. Men wept, and shouted "war, war"; millions of television viewers were stirred. One might have thought victory had been snatched from the jaws of defeat. The President welcomed the exiles to this country and left the impression that the US will tolerate any regime in Cuba so long as it is freely-chosen, is not Marxist-Leninist (whatever that means these days), and is not too unfriendly to the United States. The hand of hope and forgiveness was held out even to those who today serve Castro, provided they repent. But, beyond "bearing witness" to the cause of freedom, Mr. Kennedy's words and presence raised more questions than they answered.

How is Castro to be deposed, and what is the role in that mission of the brigade so warmly saluted? By what means can the President deliver on his promise that the flag of revolt, of which he is now the custodian, "will be returned to this brigade in a free Havana." Is this brigade to be kept intact as a fighting force, groomed as an elite in a post-Castro regime? The President, like all the rest of us, has "the strongest wish that Cuba shall one day be free again." But wishes alone will not dislodge a firmly-entrenched government.

"This brigade," the President said, "will deserve to march at the head of the free column" when Cuba is liberated; it is "the point of the spear, the arrow's head." Can we be sure that these courageous fighters best represent the aspirations of most pro-democratic Cubans? To take an example, one of the six brigade spokesmen who called on the President in Palm Beach and who stood at his side during the ceremonies in Miami is Manuel Artime. Artime is the man selected by CIA to command the invasion forces in Guatemala. His military competence has not been questioned, but his identification as a US instrument (some would say puppet) has compromised him with many anti-Castroites.

The President told the brigade – and the message was beamed throughout Latin America – that "all men who fight for freedom are our brothers and shall be until your country and others are free" – a statement which goes far beyond any limited objective of getting "offensive" Soviet weapons out of Cuba and might even be compared by some to Mr. Khrushchev's statement a few days earlier approving "a just liberation war."

What does this rhetoric mean? On his return from his meeting with Mr. Khrushchev in Vienna, Mr. Kennedy told the American people that he and Khrushchev "have wholly different views of right and wrong, of what is an internal affair and what is aggression. . . ." Are their views so totally different? Perhaps they are. But Mr. Kennedy has not yet clearly spelled out to the American public, the Russians, or skeptical ex-colonials around the world, exactly where the difference lies. Fortunately, however, the soaring platitudes that echo universal ambitions are in both cases subordinate to the realistic knowledge that little wars of liberation could set off nuclear wars that will liberate no one.

Job for Judd?

The arguments, which seem to us entirely persuasive, against this Administration's hiring ex-Congressman Walter Judd as a foreign policy adviser (an appointment still under sympathetic study in the State Department) were sharply put in a letter signed by Raymond Lamb and published last week in the *Washington Post*. Mr. Lamb wrote: "The about to be 'foreign policy maker' is the same Dr. Judd who recently branded the Administration as 'weak and indecisive', and who characterized Kennedy's action in the Cuban crisis as 'showmanship,' and as a 'manufactured crisis.' Judd has also characterized Kennedy as a 'school boy' who thinks

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that he can rectify political problems by doing a term paper.

"Undoubtedly, Judd's prospective employment is contingent upon his international stature and not his past association with Joe McCarthy nor his current infatuation with Fred Schwarz. Alastair Cooke in the *Manchester Guardian* recently portrayed Judd as a 'latter-day Chiang Kai-shek idolator'; and the *London Daily Mail* described Judd as the 'head of the China Lobby', and as one of 'America's most reactionary professional patriots.'

"Perhaps Judd's 1960 keynote address with its emphasis on 'foreign affairs' is a determining factor in Rusk's effort to resurrect Judd for the New Frontier. . . . Judd did ask several pertinent questions in his keynote address, which as a member of a Democratic Administration he may be able to answer: 'Was it the Republicans who recognized the Soviet Union in 1933? Was it the Republicans who secretly divided Poland and gave half of it to the Soviet Union? Was it a Republican Administration that divided Korea and gave North Korea to the Communists?'

"Seemingly the Administration, or at least certain powers that be, derive gratification from being politically whipped. One would think the Stevenson affair would have satiated those so oriented without rescuing the bête noire of the Democratic Party from political oblivion."

It has been pointed out, in fairness to Mr. Judd, that although he has been one of the harshest critics of this Administration's domestic requests, particularly medicare, he has since 1956 consistently supported the President on key international measures that have come before the House, including reciprocal trade, foreign aid, the trade expansion act and the UN loan.

CHANGES IN THE STAFF

Robert B. Luce, president of the book publishing firm that bears his name, has been appointed Publisher of *The New Republic*. He will assume his new duties February 1, on which date Murray Kempton also joins this journal, as an editor.

Gilbert A. Harrison will continue as Editor-in-Chief; Associate Editor Christopher Jencks and Book Editor Robert Evett will become full editors; James Ridgeway will be designated Associate Editor.

Mr. Kempton, one of America's most provocative essayists, comes to *The New Republic* from the *New York Post*, where for many years he wrote his lively comment on public affairs. Author of *Part of Our Time*, he is American correspondent for the *Spectator*.

Mr. Luce has been assistant to the publisher and a member of the Board of Directors of the Kiplinger Washington agency and the director of its book club.

Better Teachers

Despite a lot of talk about aid to education being a priority item for the 88th Congress, few in Washington are betting heavily on major legislation being enacted in the next two years. Last fall there were some indications that the Administration was prepared to make a major departure from tradition, sponsoring new experimental programs instead of merely pumping money into ventures which were already sanctioned by state and local authorities. But those who wanted Washington to play a creative role have been pushed into the background, and the measures now being spruced up by Presidential Assistant Theodore Sorensen are almost all old hat. Many have been rejected by previous Congresses.

One of the few significant innovations still being seriously considered is a scheme for subsidizing teachers' salaries. The new Commissioner of Education, Francis Keppel, has long argued that education gets less than its fair share of gifted college graduates. He has suggested that the cure is higher salaries. But unlike most people he does not want across the board increases. Salaries for beginning teachers, he notes, are competitive with other professions open to young college graduates. What discourages people from entering teaching, and persuades others to leave after a few years, is not starting salaries but prospects for advancement. In the normal course of events most teachers reach their maximum pay at the age of 35 or 40, earning from $7,500 to $10,000. That is not a good enough prospect to attract gifted or ambitious men who want to live the upper-middle-class life of their college classmates. It is especially discouraging, Keppel has pointed out, when the low salary reflects limited responsibility. Unless a teacher becomes an administrator he has no more opportunity to influence the young at 40 or 50 than he had when he first became a full-time teacher.

While at Harvard, Keppel played a decisive role in developing team teaching programs to provide experienced and talented teachers with broader responsibilities, putting a group of novice teachers under their supervision and giving them a much larger group of pupils to handle with such assistance. Now that he is in Washington Keppel is said to want the Administration to tackle the financial needs of experienced teachers, perhaps by paying a special supplement to teachers with more than, say, 10 years of teaching behind them. Unfortunately, this proposal has not, at least so far, been tied to any kind of merit scheme. It is simply a longevity grant.

Teachers have long and rightly been suspicious of merit pay schemes in which superintendents and principals rate their staff, for principals tend to judge teachers according to their skill in keeping order and their

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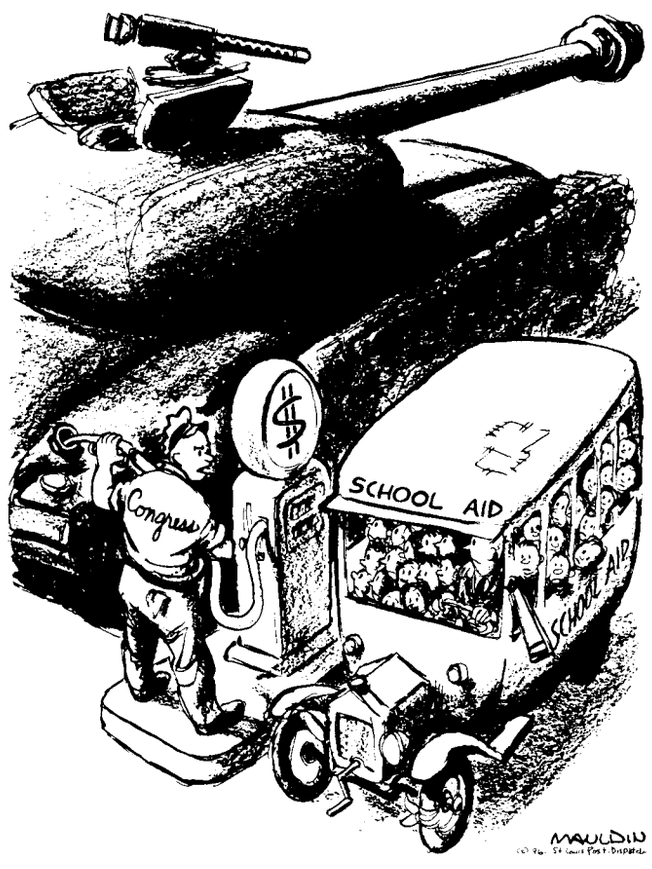
promptness in filing report cards. They rarely try to determine who is doing the most for his or her pupils. In such circumstances merit pay is a travesty. *The New Republic* has pointed out in the past, however, that merit pay need not be administered by school principals.

The Administration is sponsoring more and more teacher training institutes, designed to give refresher courses to experienced teachers, develop new curricula and train teachers to use them. If experienced teachers were offered scholarships to spend a year at such an institute, say 10 years after graduating from college, they could be brought up to date on new developments in their field, given the benefit of contact with people from other school systems, and most important of all, given an opportunity to do supervised teaching which benefited from the criticism of outsiders. (Of course many teachers would fear such criticism, but this does not make it less desirable.) Such institutes could award special degrees to outstanding teachers, and make these teachers eligible for substantial federal salary subsidies – perhaps on the order of $5,000 a year.

Unfortunately, such a scheme would be more attractive to young self-confident students deciding whether or not to go into teaching than to tired self-deprecating men already in the schools. If you propose to give one teacher in four a $5,000 raise, the typical old hand assumes that he will be excluded. So he prefers small raises for everybody, regardless of ability.

Given the ambivalence of the teachers about all efforts to raise their sights, the Administration is unlikely to support merit pay or any other major reform. Yet Congress is rightly skeptical about Administration proposals which would merely pump more money into the existing system. In their heart of hearts many Congressmen feel today's average school mistress does not earn her keep, and that poor communities need a lot of things worse than a new school building. They may be right. Reform will cost money. But without reform more money will often mean only more bored incompetent teachers and more football equipment.

CHRISTOPHER JENCKS



"If I were you I wouldn't wait"

FOREIGN REPORTS

The Indian Ocean

★ Not the least of Mr. Macmillian's worries are the muddles at either end of the Indian Ocean, that valuable stretch of water which provides access to the subcontinent and which the Empire controlled for nearly two centuries. Now the bases at Aden and Singapore are frayed ends of an empty net, and alarmists fear that centuries-old Chinese interest in the area is growing.

In Aden on the Arabian Peninsula there is strong resistance among the local labor movement to British attempts to make it the center of a patch-work federation of 25 states and sheikdoms. The aim of such a Federation would be to accommodate these varying tribes with a more contemporary pattern of government and to perpetuate the RAF base in Aden at the strategic bottleneck of the Red Sea. This base is needed primarily to support the 11 sheikdoms and sultanates scattered along the neighboring Persian Gulf. Some of these are so rich and so weak as to invite conquest by powerful neighbors. Iraq has already made threats against Kuwait which required British intervention.

Brigadier Sallal, whose Republican forces hold Sana'a, the capital of Yemen, has also shown expansionist proclivities. In this he has received panting assists from Cairo. But his Republican *coup* has not won over the interior, where the Yemeni Royalists, still recognized by the British, have been able to round up tribal support and some indeterminate aid from Saudi Arabia. Egyptian bombs, tanks and jet planes have proved of little avail against them; the fighting is with knives. Republican forces are incensed at the British and Saudis, and recently Sallal began talking in terms of a Holy War, threatening any and all opponents. His

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coup has helped enliven opposition to federation among the Aden sheiks, who have tribal ties to the Yemenis. Nationalism based on geography has yet to supplant tribalism in this part of the world, and the scheme for Federation is likely to have rocky going.

But at least in Aden, the sheikdoms do border more or less on one another. In the Malayan straits at the eastern-most reaches of the Indian Ocean, the British are involved in a fantastic project to fit together in a federal scheme Malaya, Singapore (the naval command post at Malaya's tip) and bits and pieces of northern Borneo, of which Brunei occupies a corner. The Communists in Indonesia have been trying to frustrate this and actively encouraged the recent inept revolt in Brunei. Sukarno holds southern Borneo. The federation is designed to come to fruition next August, but the British will be extremely lucky if they don't find themselves interceding in a fight between Indonesia and Malaya over northern Borneo beforehand.

Without northern Borneo the whole Federation is likely to founder. The conservative Moslems of rural Malaya are reluctant to join the radical cosmopolitan Chinese of Singapore unless assured that they will retain control. The only way to do this is to add on the Moslems of northern Borneo as a counterweight to the Chinese. If the federation collapses the British will have to devise a new scheme for stabilizing Singapore, a city currently endangered by both population and political explosions.

Last Round in the Congo

★ With the UN in complete control of Elisabethville and officials of the *Union Miniere du Haut Katanga* on their way to the Congo to arrange for diversion of company revenues to the Central Government, Moise Tshombe's independence seems finished. It will be of little use to anyone, least of all Tshombe, should he decide to linger in the bush. Even Sir Roy Welensky is said to have advised him to sue for peace, which leaves Tshombe with the support only of Lord Beaverbrook and the small group of Tory MP's who aren't convinced Queen Victoria is dead.

Whatever Tshombe's claims for Katangan nationalism, it was slight compared with the Katangans' tribal loyalties. It was in the manipulation of these loyalties that Tshombe showed himself a resourceful leader. Now the UN is likely to find itself filling a vacuum in southern Katanga as it has in the rest of the Congo. It will be dealing with tribal groups which have come down from the north and up from the south to work the mines, and are held there by the hope of continued employment.

It seems unlikely that the shaky parliamentary pretentions of Leopoldville will soon produce stability in the Congo. There are, however, two major forces which can. The Belgians, for one, drawing on previous experiences and by exercising technical expertise can exercise considerable influence. The Congolese Central Army has also benefited from training and discipline, and may encourage stability. The UN will need to encourage both elements if it is not to become bogged down in colonial administration.

It goes without saying that if the European powers insist on giving arms and planes to Europeans in other parts of Central and Southern Africa to help them thwart the evolution of African self-government, the whole sorry story is bound to be repeated.

Split in Turkey

★ Without Army support, the Turkish Prime Minister, Mr. Inonu, and some leaders of his Republican People's Party would have their backs to the wall, and perhaps a firing squad in front of them. Army support enabled him to squash an abortive uprising last February. But a sizable group both within his party and the army still feels Inonu has been malingering on the job of economic and social reform. For the first time a rift has appeared within the party itself. At a recent turbulent meeting three members including a former secretary-general were expelled because they had openly opposed Inonu's use of his personal power. Nearly one-third of the assembled 1,600 delegates, however, voted against the expulsion. Inonu was given the opportunity to heal the breach by reinstating the three, but refused to do so. This hardened the ties that bind his enemies, assuring a gloomy future for him unless he accelerates social reform.

Kashmir Stalemate

★ Western hopes for a united Hindu-Moslem front against China have largely evaporated as a result of the virtual collapse of the India-Pakistan talks at Rawalpindi. The talks are still scheduled to resume later in the winter, when Indian tempers have cooled over the Sino-Pakistani agreement on the northwestern border of Kashmir. But nobody is optimistic.

This border agreement has only symbolic significance. It concerns a tiny remote section of the Karakoram Mountains adjoining Sinkiang, an area known as Hunza. It is controlled by a local prince known as the Mir and inhabited by a handful of shepherds, who only eight years ago were without even the wheel. The Chinese have recognized Pakistani sovereignty in the area; it remains for Pakistan to exercise it effectively.

Nevertheless, by negotiating with China about a part of Kashmir claimed by India, the Pakistanis effectively torpedoed last month's talks. This is strange, since they

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have much to gain from such talks. They want a plebiscite for all of Kashmir, which is predominantly Moslem. The Indians, who acquired control in 1948 from the Maharajah, refuse to hold a plebiscite, since they know they would lose. They apparently hope that if they retain military control for long enough their right to Kashmir's wealth will be universally accepted.

The Indians now need all the troops they can muster to fight the Chinese, and some Pakistanis hoped India would yield ground in Kashmir in order to release the troops now stationed there. But apparently not. In the long run Indian stubbornness may pay off. Now that India is fighting Red China, while the Pakistanis conclude treaties of friendship and talk of trade missions, America is bound to reappraise its South Asia policy. This is likely to mean substantial military support for India, strengthening her hand in Kashmir. The US has tried to ensure that equipment will only be used against China, but this seems a hopeless attempt. Its mere existence in Indian hands alters the delicate Kashmir equation, no matter what official assurances New Delhi may offer.

Red Retreat

★ Communist Parties outside the Soviet bloc have been steadily losing members since the end of World War II when they could mobilize 16 million votes on the European continent. Candidates now receive about 13 million votes, and interest has been receding except in Finland and Greece where candidates have been receiving a larger portion of the total popular vote. Even in France, where the party has a membership of 400,000 – the second largest in Europe – it has failed to make much of a comeback from 1958 when candidates received a solid bump downward. In this year's French elections, for example, Communist candidates amassed 3.9 million votes, compared to immediate postwar averages of 5.5 million.

Statements in the Soviet Press say there are 88 Communist Parties in the World with 41.6 million members. These would include slightly less than three million members in the non-Communist underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America, two million of whom are in Indonesia.

Beheaded in Cape Town

★ Chief Albert Lutuli will never achieve freedom for Africans in South Africa because "he works with Whites." This claim being circulated in Dr. Verwoerd's bailiwick is but one measure of the decline of non-violence as a method of resistance to apartheid among the Africans. Ever since the shootings at Sharpeville in 1960 and the subsequent trials condemning hundreds of Africans to prison, peaceful resistance has seemed useless; late in 1961 sabotage became fairly widespread. Now a terrorist group, the *Poqo* ("We Stand Alone"), has appeared. Members often are recruited through intimidation – one unwilling man was decapitated in his sleep – after which they are branded on their foreheads, armed with axes, spears, or if possible firearms, and must show their mettle by killing a white. This information was solicited from witnesses at an official (*i.e.* white) inquiry into riots at Paarl, during which three whites had been hacked to pieces. Africans testified in masks, but one of the more important witnesses was still found beheaded afterwards.

The Government, meanwhile, apparently to pacify world opinion, has said that the black states to be created under apartheid will be self governing. In the Transkei, Chief Kaiser Matanzima has been taking Verwoerd at his word and asking for independence at once, thereby taking apartheid to its ultimate extreme and creating chaos. So far Dr. Verwoerd has complied, and as he does so the predictable reaction sets in. Fourteen tribesmen who called Matanzima a white "stooge" were shot dead in their tracks by police, who now camp outside the chief's "Great Place" with sten guns. Meanwhile, the Minister of Justice has announced new repressive measures outside the black reserves. It is now an offense to join any group which criticizes the authority of the state, a ruling that could even prevent church membership.

Minority Rule as a Rule

Not only is the partisan membership of the House about the same as it was in the last Congress – 259 Democrats versus 176 Republicans in the 88th Congress as against 263 Democrats and 174 Republicans in the 87th – but the Rules Committee reverts – unless Administration forces can prevent it during the coming week – to its former size of 12. The Chairman of the Committee, Howard Smith of Virginia, has announced that the matter is "non-negotiable," meaning that he won't tolerate any tampering with the number 12; the

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President has also made it clear that the issue is non-negotiable, meaning that *he* cannot tolerate an obstructionist Committee dominated by Mr. Smith. The lapsing of the 1961-62 arrangement whereby the Committee on Rules was expanded to 15 members will spell the end of the slim 8 to 7 majority that was at least occasionally responsive to the Democratic leadership. It will mean a return to an ultra-conservative combine composed of four Old Guard Republicans and two Southern Democrats, or, to put it differently, effective control of the unwieldy lower chamber will once again pass into the hands of Chairman Smith and Charles Halleck, the Republican floor leader.

While it is no easy task to explain the phenomenal political success of the Smith-Halleck partnership, much of its strength has stemmed from its control of the Rules Committee. He who controls Rules controls the heartland of House politics; he who controls the heartland controls the House; and he who controls the House often controls the government.

Given its size and its complexity, the House of Representatives cannot operate effectively, if at all, unless some authority sets its business in order; assigns proper legislative priorities to the hundreds of bills that are reported each year; and determines which bills and resolutions will be discussed by the full House, for how long, and in what manner. But in providing this indispensable service, those in charge of the Rules Committee are tempted to determine, not only how legislation should be handled, but what bills should, or should not, be adopted. Since about 1937 when the Southern wing of the Roosevelt coalition began breaking away from the leadership of the White House, the Rules group has frequently and consciously taken advantage of this tempting opportunity.

The ruling majority on the Committee has a very large arsenal of weapons to defeat its enemies or to aid its friends in legislative battle. It can simply refuse to grant a rule to an approved committee bill that has been reported to it. This is the most direct method of killing a bill and is the principal means used by the Rules leadership to dispose of legislation it doesn't like. In the 14 years covered by the 80th through the 86th Congresses, the Rules Committee refused to grant some 88 rules, blocking such significant measures as federal aid to housing and education, statehood for Alaska and Hawaii, the National Science Foundation, United States participation in international organizations, the Budget and Accounting Act, soil bank, and increased criminal penalties under the Sherman Act. Even with the narrow Kennedy majority allegedly dominating the 15-man Committee in the last Congress, Administration supported legislation for an expansion of youth employment opportunities, a mass transportation program, assistance to medical and dental schools, and aid to migrant workers was quietly pigeonholed. Wisconsin Representative Henry Reuss reported on September 17, a few days before the end of the Congressional session, that a total of 22 bills "were still gathering moss before the Committee on Rules," although they had been duly reported by a proper legislative committee.

Obtaining a House rule for its bills is still only a part of the strategic problem facing the Administration. The Rules Committee's life and death authority generates a host of other residual powers. It may grant a rule only if the bill reported to it is amended to suit its specifications or if another, more objectionable bill is withdrawn. One such swap occurred in 1960 when a minimum wage bill was sent to the floor with the understanding that a bill to allow picketing in the building trade unions would be scrapped in the Committee on Education and Labor.

In the face of mounting House pressure for action on some bill, Judge Smith may find it "necessary" to visit his farm in Virginia to check on his cows, as he has often done in the past. Since the Committee on Rules convenes only on the call of its Chairman, nothing can be done until he returns. Moreover, if forced to act, the Committee may issue a rule gagging debate on a controversial measure; it may open or close a bill to amendment on the House floor; or may time its inclusion on the legislative calendar so as to help or hinder its passage. As a last resort, it may prevent a conference of House and Senate members from meeting to settle differences between bills passed by both houses. It took such a drastic step during the 86th Congress when it refused to permit an aid to education bill to emerge from Congress. Six willful men, elected by less than two million people, can thus effectively frustrate the expressed intention of a majority in Congress representing over 180 million citizens.

But there is more at stake here than any Administration's legislative program, or even the will of some ephemeral majority at this juncture in history. Nothing less than the Constitution itself is at issue.

The Constitution provides for three separate branches of government, a bicameral legislature, and a system of staggered elections. The House majority is but one link in a chain of decision that must be fashioned before any change in the nation's laws can be given binding effect. Majorities operating within the Senate, the Executive Branch and the Federal Judiciary can refuse to become a part of any House action. In turn, the lower house may reject a proposal emanating from the other sectors of the federal government. Note, too, that it is the *whole* House that is charged with this responsibility, not just one of its committees. In preventing a majority from expressing itself on legislation, the Committee has in effect interfered improperly with the working of the Constitution – a massive irony since the

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Committee is the appointed guardian of the lower chamber's rules. The additional House rule authorizing the Rules Committee to approve changes in the rules of the House itself further compounds this irony.

During the 1961 debates over adding three more members to Rules, the claim was pressed that the existing independence of the Committee on Rules was an indispensable protection against dictatorial government. Rep. John Flynt of Georgia argued that, "The Rules Committee in the House and Rule XXII [the filibuster provision] in the Senate, are the last bulwarks and safeguards we have against tyrannical and punitive legislation." To which the obvious retort is: What of the tyranny of the few over the many?

Representative Flynt and his allies also overlook the significance of the House's diverse make-up. Cohesive House majorities simply cannot be formed on all public issues. The composition of each majority is constantly shifting as Congressmen meet, combine or repel each other like so many molecules of gas in a heated chamber. The catalysts of this process are bargaining, compromise and an abiding sensitivity to minority interests. Since no legislator can be certain that he will always be in the majority on every issue affecting his interests, he is disposed by his very desire for victory to support concessions to his defeated brethren. Madison's description in Federalist No. 10 of the delicate political balancing demanded by the Constitution will not be upset if the Rules Committee is stripped of its capacity to frustrate this process.

As the late Sam Rayburn noted almost 20 years ago in an early clash with Judge Smith: "The Committee on Rules was never set up to be a legislative committee. It is a committee on procedures, to make it possible that the majority of the House of Representatives may have the opportunity to work its will."

EDWARD A. KOLODZIEJ

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Cuba–Was a Deal Possible in '59?

There has been some speculation in the press about whether Fidel Castro could have been kept out of the arms of the Communists by a more conciliatory US policy when Castro first took power. *The New Republic* put this question to a Cuban exile, Javier Felipe Pazos Vea, and his reply follows. Mr. Pazos organized and was responsible for the transport of arms to Castro in 1957, joined the rebel forces later that year as one of Fidel's staff officers and with the triumph of the revolution in January, 1959, served in Havana as an official of the Ministry of Economics until leaving the country in September, 1960. His article on future US policy toward Cuba appeared in *The New Republic* of November 3, 1962. – THE EDITORS

In early January, 1959, I went to *Campo Columbia*, the garrison near Havana, to see Fidel on behalf of Dr. Boti (the economist and Castro's first ambassador to the UN), for whom I was working at the time. The camp was in utter confusion and after a few hours of searching, I finally met Fidel in a passageway, surrounded by many rebels. I told him Boti had sent me and, before I could go on, he answered with a wide smile: "Javier, even if Boti has $200 million for me from the Americans you will have to wait because I am very busy at the moment." And he went on his way. I waited for a while, but things became very complicated in the camp after Lt. Chinea had tried to commit suicide, and so I left, sure I would not have a chance to talk with Fidel again that day.

The interesting part of the incident was that in Fidel's tone, expression and manner of speaking I discerned a certainty on his part that the US would have to come up sooner or later with such a proposition, and with no strings attached. He was not speaking like a man who would refuse money if it were offered. The amount he mentioned was a result of his total ignorance of economic problems. Three months later he would have said $500 million. In other words, in January, 1959, Fidel already considered himself to be well-entrenched and thought the Americans would have to offer dollars in order to win and keep his friendship.

Later in 1959 I was one of the Cuban delegates to the Buenos Aires Inter-American Conference, shortly after Castro had taken over. There I had various opportunities to speak with him. He was very mad at the Communists because they had brought out their militia in the May Day celebrations. He expressed himself in very strong words about them in his rooms at the Alvear, in front of Celia Sanchez – his most trusted confidante – Boti and myself. At one point he said that if they kept on pushing him, he would take a plane to Havana and finish them off before public opinion, his most effective weapon at that time.

(Through a friend of mine who was then a member

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of the Communist Party, I learned subsequently that the Cuban Communists were extremely worried about Fidel's trip to the United States in May of '59 to address the newspaper editors. To say the least, they were not sure of him or the line he would follow after his return.)

During his stay in Argentina at the Inter-American Conference, Fidel was very enthusiastic about his private Alliance for Progress scheme of $30 billion, which he put forward there. My impression then was that he was contemplating the possibility of staying on the American side of the fence as a sponsor of this $30 billion scheme and as the leader of a Nasser-type revolution in Cuba and Latin America. In any case, I repeat, Fidel considered himself to be in a very strong position *vis-à-vis* the United States.

US government officials showed in various ways a disposition to negotiate with Castro. Of course, this does not answer the all-important question of *what* the US was willing to negotiate or the sort of revolution the US would have accepted in Cuba. In my opinion, if any headway is to be made in explaining this historical conundrum of who did or did not say what to whom, US officials who were in office in 1959 must tell us a great deal more than they have. There are, however, multiple indications that the US Government thought it had considerable leverage on Castro in 1959. A cut in petroleum exports, or a flip of the sugar quota, and that young man would have to crawl! Maybe the miscalculation was due to the fact that the US thought the USSR would not dare intervene so close to US shores.

As I see the matter, there were in early '59 two parties struggling from what each considered positions of extreme strength. (This fact alone made it very difficult to prevent the final break.) Fidel did not then wish to sit down and negotiate, possibly thinking (up to the point of no return, which I would put at mid-1960, when he seized the oil refineries of US firms because they refused to process Soviet crude oil) that time was on his side and that better conditions would be forthcoming from the US. The Americans *did* want to negotiate but we don't know what they were willing to negotiate. Indications at the time by American officials to Cubans of Washington's willingness to loan money do not necessarily reflect what the US would have demanded once negotiations had gotten under way.

At any rate, money alone would never have prevented Fidel from taking the path he did. The price of keeping him on our side would have been much higher. In May, 1959, as I said, he was thinking in terms of becoming the leader of a neutralist movement in Latin America, of being the sponsor of a $30 billion *Alianza*, which the US of course was to finance. I do not think the United States would have been willing to pay that price at that moment.

However, the US could have made it much more difficult for Fidel to go to the Russians, by publicly announcing that it was in favor of the measures taken by the Cuban Government during the first year of the revolution. If the US had also been disposed to lend money to Cuba, it should have said so publicly, stating its conditions in an unambiguous way – for example, accepting the social reforms, specifying the type and manner of compensation for expropriated properties, the amounts it was willing to loan Cuba, etc. Had this been done, many Cubans would have felt Fidel had little excuse for his subsequent behavior. If he had, nevertheless, tied himself to the Communists, a much stronger opposition could have been formed inside Cuba from the beginning. As it was, the ambiguous stand of the US made it easier for Fidel to convince the Cuban people that Washington was an enemy of the Revolution and that the only course open to them was to fall in with the Russians. As a matter of fact, the Cuban people still don't know the type of social revolution, if any, with which Washington would be willing to negotiate.

JAVIER PAZOS

Polaris Missiles for France

The Nassau Pact has already been as diversely interpreted as was the Cuban crisis. According to Joseph Alsop, the Anglo-American offer of Polaris missiles to France was a tongue-in-cheek proposal; that is to say, an offer made with no illusion as to the answer, which was expected to be negative. But the following day, Marguerite Higgins of the *New York Herald Tribune* wrote that President Kennedy was much annoyed at the interpretation given by French journalists to a perfectly sincere offer. If Marguerite Higgins is reporting accurately, one can only imagine that the President was misinformed, or that Joseph Alsop is looked upon as a Parisian journalist; yet to the best of my knowledge no *French* paper has taken the position which he set forth.

In my opinion, the thinking which led to the so-called Nassau Pact developed somewhat as follows. Among the various arguments advanced by the French in private conversations, three points obviously carried weight with President Kennedy's advisers: Anglo-American cooperation on atomic matters already con-

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stituted an injustice toward France and would over the long haul prove intolerably unfair; if the countries of Western Europe were to renounce atomic weapons, this would reduce their status in the field of science to a degree to which they neither could nor should be resigned; and finally, if the United States were to retain sovereign and exclusive responsibility for deterrent weapons, it could scarcely hope at the same time that its allies would increase their conventional contribution to Western defenses. If the Europeans had no share in the basic weapons – this is, nuclear weapons – they would either ultimately lose interest in their own defense or they would go along with the general program without committing any of their own national deterrent forces.

The Skybolt affair and its repercussions are explicable in the light of these three arguments, arguments which the Kennedy team has heard spelled out a hundred times over. There have been five unsuccessful tests of Skybolt – the long-range, liquid fuel missile, which was supposed to prolong by several years the theoretical efficacy of Britain's V-bombers. The process of making this missile operational would be a long and costly one, and by the time this had been accomplished the missile might well be obsolescent. The technical men in McNamara's entourage no longer put much faith in bombers (they have discarded the B-70), and instead are banking on the solid-fuel missiles such as Polaris and Minuteman. The present situation thus offered a unique opportunity to break out of the impasse and prepare the way for an over-all, long-range reorganization of the Atlantic Alliance.

Under the Nassau proposal, France would eventually be in the same position as Great Britain. She would receive Polaris missiles on the same terms as the United Kingdom and, like Britain, she would have to produce her own submarines and add her own nuclear warheads. Viewed in this light, the Nassau Pact does indeed appear to usher in the end of what is described as the "special relationship" between London and Washington, at least in an area which is of vital importance despite its limited scope.

Could Mr. Macmillan have chosen any other course? Certainly he could not have assumed responsibility for making the Skybolt operational. Certain American news writers notwithstanding, no one in Paris can imagine that the British Prime Minister would violate his country's solemn agreements and would "deliver" atomic secrets to France in order to promote a happy outcome to the Common Market negotiations. However, Mr. Macmillan could have made his reply to Mr. Kennedy's offer, subject to reservations; he could have envisaged cooperation with France on ballistic missiles. In other words, he could have made a unilateral proposition to General de Gaulle ("You make your own nuclear warheads and let's make the missiles together"), comparable to the proposal he made, and Mr. Kennedy made jointly to de Gaulle. But Mr. Macmillan, for reasons which are in no way mysterious, has, as always, preferred the American partner to all others.

Before trying to imagine France's reply to the Nassau overtures, many questions need to be considered. What will the Polaris missiles cost? How will cooperation between the teams of technicians be developed? (Such cooperation is essential in order that both submarines and warheads be adapted to the missiles.) What is the precise significance of the formula under which Great Britain and France would both be authorized unilaterally to use those elements of their deterrent forces which will have been integrated into the NATO forces, for the defense of their "supreme national interests"? (This may well be a theoretical question, as it is most difficult to imagine any emergency in the foreseeable future when the "supreme interests" of France and Great Britain might not coincide with those of the Atlantic Alliance.)

Over and above these uncertainties, my feeling is that the Kennedy team is sincerely seeking a solution, and seeking it in the right direction. Of course it would still like to prevent the proliferation of atomic weapons, and it would still like to keep only one finger – an American finger – on the trigger; but it has come to recognize that these objectives cannot be attained or even approached if at the same time the Administration ignores the legitimacy of Europe's desire to not be entirely dependent on American protection.

A proposal such as the present one would give scope to several of the reasonable functions of France's atomic effort. Those allies of the US who only yesterday were in total ignorance of American plans of nuclear strategy would tomorrow be taking part in general staff work in this area? If French strength has served somewhat as insurance against the risk of a policy change in Washington; if it is supposed to have reinforced and confirmed America's "commitment" to Europe, then there is henceforth a chance that the same result can be obtained within the framework of the Alliance.

Besides the uncertainties which I have mentioned, there are two objections. One, according to a "French expert," is that alliances are automatically condemned by the mere fact of nuclear weapons, since 20 atomic bombs at the disposal of the French Government would constitute a more effective deterrent force than 2,000 H-bombs at the disposal of an ally of France.

The objection, however, may weigh more heavily: a genuinely independent deterrent force in Europe is, perhaps, the only one which conforms to the principle of a Europe united "from the Atlantic to the Urals," a principle to which West Europeans have long been dedicated. But this undivided Europe belongs to a future even more remote than the future for which Messrs. Kennedy and Macmillan have envisaged a collective Western defense organization. RAYMOND ARON

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What Is Castroism's Appeal?

by John Gerassi

A front-page headline in a Washington, D. C. newspaper last week read: *Castro Battles for His Political Life*. In my opinion, whether he wins or loses that battle, what he represents has scored victories in the rest of Latin America which will not soon be forgotten. While it is true that most Latin Americans are disappointed with the Cuban leader, this has been so ever since he delivered his "Marxist-Leninist" speech in December, 1961. And while it is true that many Latin American Nationalists, who are the leaders of whatever revolutions are forthcoming, publicly condemned Castro for allowing Cuba to become a Soviet base, they still believe he could not have done otherwise. Paradoxical as it may seem, the Nationalists are both anti-Castro and Castroite. If we fail to distinguish between man and idea, we have not begun to understand the true state of affairs in Latin America.

First of all, out of 200 million Latin Americans, according to figures compiled by the Economic Commission for Latin America, no less than 120 million never drink potable water and 1,000 children die every day from lack of water. The average daily calorie intake is 1,200. Fifty-two percent of the population get no more than 500 calories a day (the US average is 3,100). In 1961 alone, one million died from starvation or lack of proper foods. One-third of Latin Americans live in slums, without heat, light, garbage disposal systems or medical attention. Seventy percent are illiterate.

Not counting Bolivia or Cuba, where land reform is well under way, but counting Mexico, where meaningful land reform stopped in 1940, 1.2 percent of the people own 71.6 percent of the arable land. (In the US about 80 percent of the farmers own their own land.) Just under 25 percent of the corporations in Latin America (*Sociedades Anonimas*) are controlled by less than 8,000 individuals and foreign (mostly US) firms and earn 74 percent of the total income. In these circumstances, very little will be accomplished by putting the "ins" out and the "outs" in, because both, usually called the Liberals and the Conservatives, are bent upon keeping the present structure intact.

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Part of the Latin American's need for self-respect – and it is fundamental need – can be satisfied only by material progress. The other, truer condition for self-respect is their feeling that their governments say and do what is good for *their* countries. I don't know of one would-be-proud Latin American, for example, who thinks it is good for his country not to trade with the Soviet bloc just because the US would prefer it that way – when the US itself so trades. Every Chilean knows, to pursue the point, that Chile does not sell its copper to Russia because the US, declaring copper a strategic raw material, does not want it to; but he also knows a few years ago England resold Chilean copper to the Soviet bloc – and as reported in all Chilean newspapers and by the AP – with US acquiescence.

National pride and self-confidence do not require that Latin America must become an enemy of the US, any more than England became an enemy when it recognized Communist China. Its leaders must be able, however, to adopt policies independent of the US. In modern history, Latin America has had only five truly popular regimes: Peron in Argentina, Vargas in Brazil, the MNR in Bolivia, Cardenas in Mexico and Castro (at least until 1961) in Cuba. Most were demagogic, corrupt and dictatorial, but they were popular because they had the air – no matter what the US thought – of independence. Except in Bolivia where US interests were small, these regimes nationalized US corporations, and were therefore more or less opposed by the Administration in Washington.

Again and again, one is told that Latin America's industrialization is dependent upon foreign capital. That is not so. Were the governments to take over the private banks, freeze all big accounts, and nationalize the major native-owned industries and large landed estates, they would have more capital at their disposal than is now being invested by foreign corporations. Local oligarchs ship more than $1 billion ($1.5 billion according to the consensus of Latin American Finance Ministries) every year to foreign (mostly Swiss or US) banks, while foreign investment in Latin America has not topped $1 billion in any year since 1953.

Major corporations' press agentry to the contrary, more money leaves Latin America in profits than enters as investment. US investment in Latin America brings home more, proportionally, than US investment anywhere else in the world. As the table on page 14 shows,

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US private investment in Western Europe in 1958 totaled $422 million, its remitted income was $325 million; in Latin America that year, $317 million was invested and $653 million taken out. These are the official figures; millions of dollars more are lost to Latin America in other ways.

For example, in Venezuela, though both oil production and taxes have been going up steadily over the last few years and the retail prices on gasoline, kerosene, diesel oil, heating oil, asphalt or lubricants have not gone down, Venezuelan revenue from oil taxes has actually been declining: 2,938 million bolivars in 1958; 2,724 million in 1959; 2,631 million in 1960. How is this possible? It is possible because Venezuela taxes *profits*. The big oil corporations (US and British-Dutch) claim lower profits, though they produce more. How do they do it? They claim this lower profit by charging themselves higher shipping rates; their ships' profits are *not* taxed by Venezuela. By hiking tanker costs charged against their Venezuelan subsidiaries but paid by shipping lines registered in Panama, Liberia or wherever shipping taxes are lowest, they reduce their taxable profits. This is one main reason why so many private US ships fly non-US flags.

There are other ways of taking profits out of Latin America. In Peru, US mines take off from their taxable income as much as 17 percent for depletion and 49 percent for depreciation. In effect, reserves (depreciation) and depletion are profits not taken out of the country and not taxed – but they are profits nonetheless. After Dictator Odria in 1955 allowed foreign companies the right to dispose of their reserves (depreciation) as they saw fit, the US's Cerro de Pasco Corporation which had listed $56,538,812.30 as reserves from 1952 to 1955, suddenly failed to show that amount on its books. Where did the sum go? If not in Peru (where it had to appear on the books), then out of Peru – that is, back to the US. *But*, this $56 million of "reserves" had never been taxed in Peru. Thanks to Odria, Peru got not one cent of revenue from the lost $56 million.

Another method of sending home unofficial profits is through loans made by a subsidiary in Latin America to the parent organization in the US, which then defaults payment. The state of Rio Grande do Sul in Brazil accused IT&T's subsidiary there, the *Companhia Telefonica Nacional*, of doing just that. It pointed out that though IT&T owned 370,308 of CTN's 374,970 shares, the latter had loaned the former 1,270,443,930.60 cruzeiros (about $3 million) while claiming that the reason it could not improve service (the state has 6 million inhabitants, only 28,648 phones, compared to, say, Minneapolis, with 650,000 people and 200,000 phones) was because it was losing money. One final point: the huge sums that US corporations supposedly invest in Latin America are huge on paper only. Most US firms simply deposit the "investment" in US banks, take out the equivalent in local currency in Latin America from the banks' branches, thus do not help alleviate the area's dollar shortage.

Even if US and other foreign capital played by Queensbury rules in Latin America, the type of industrialization it would foster would not necessarily be beneficial to the area. Unregulated development in underdeveloped countries seems to increase social injustice, not lessen it. Big business tends to be monopolistic, but even if competitive, it is highly centralized. During the *laissez-faire* regime of President Kubitschek, for example, industrialization mushroomed in Brazil. But where? In Sao Paulo, Belo Horizonte, and, less so, in Rio de Janeiro. There, it created new jobs, a bigger flow of currency, more building, etc. – all of which stimulated inflation. Such inflation affected all Brazilians, including those who, like the gauchos of the South or the peons of the Northeast, got no increases in pay, yet had to spend more to live.

What if the industrialization of Latin America *were* possible only with foreign capital? Still, in my judgment major foreign corporations must be nationalized. The reasons for that are psychological, but that does not make them any the less real. Can a Latin American feel proud of his country when so much of its energy, its minerals, its major export production, its phones and trains, its cars and TVs are foreign-owned or made? In Latin America, 85 percent of steel mills and hydroelectric plants, 40 percent of transportation systems, 95 percent of mining, and 30 percent of all other industries are US-owned. If you add up all the corporations, farms, services, etc., that together produce the annual $60 billion Gross National Product of Latin America, 40 percent of these corporations, farms, services, etc., are owned 51 percent or more by US corporations. Not only has private US investment brought

US INVESTMENTS & INCOME – A COMPARATIVE STUDY
(*In millions of dollars*))

Year	Investment Includes new capital and earnings not returned		Income Earnings returned to the US	
	Western Europe	*Latin America*	*Western Europe*	*Latin America*
1956	516	826	280	800
1957	631	800	311	915
1958	422	317	325	653
1959	750	347	393	600
1960	1,322	267	497	641
1961 (est.)	1,500	500	525	770

1956-60 figures from the US Department of Commerce.
1961 estimates from US News & World Report Economic Unit.

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little social progress, it has exacerbated envy.

Castro crushed Cuba's oligarchy and upper middle class which, as in other un-independent countries, not only controlled the state machinery, the press and the army behind the rulers (in this case, Batista), but also encouraged its business partners, the US corporations, to tighten their grip on the country's economy. In Cuba, American business owned 60 percent of absolutely everything, from sugar to lipstick. To Cubans, it seemed well worth going without luxuries, even necessities, to smash this control. Everywhere in Latin America, the Nationalist is willing to make the same sacrifice. That is why Castroism, if not Castro, still has a ringing appeal throughout the hemisphere.

After the Bay of Pigs invasion, the Communists certainly did take over the Cuban Revolution (but not before: as late as January, 1961, for example, Castro personally purged Communists from his news service, *Prensa Latina*). But very few supporters abandoned Castroism because Castro let it happen. "It's too bad," I often heard, "but what choice did Castro have? To eat, he needed Russian food, and to fight his enemy, he needed Russian arms."

At 3 a.m. one talk-crammed night during the first Punta del Este conference, where my assignment for the *New York Times* was to "cover" Che Guevara, the Cuban Minister said: "Every Cuban knows that we will be invaded. We must accustom ourselves to the fact that most of us are going to die. But we'll die well, perhaps even with a shot at Washington first." Because of that invasion, no Latin American could accept the US's word on faith alone. To those with whom I have spoken, the aggressor was the US, Cuba the victim. Even Rio Grande do Sul's Governor and Deputy-elect Leonel Brizola, an anti-Communist Catholic and Brazilian Nationalist who publicly lamented the fact that Cuba had been converted into a Soviet base, told me: "To defend my country, I would and I should make pacts even with the devil." This is Nationalism.

To assume that the Cuban Revolution's appeal is on the wane in Latin America, then, is to assume that the Nationalists did not, and do not think Castro was justified in trying to defend Cuba. They know that the bases were wanted by Castro, not for aggression, but to hit back when and if Cuba was invaded. The necessity of these bases saddened the Nationalists but the luster of the Revolution was not thereby dimmed. In fact, the attraction of Castroism will not be affected so much by what Castro does or does not do, but by what the US does. And the only thing the US can do to diminish Castroism's appeal in the hemisphere is (1) allow Cuba to trade where and when it wants, purchasing meat in Argentina or corn in Kansas in exchange for sugar or tobacco, and (2) make it clear that "Democracy" is not a synonym of "free-enterprise."

To all Nationalists, even to the 50,000 Latin American technicians who went to Cuba in 1959 to help out and who left in 1961 when Communist Chief Carlos Rafael Rodriguez took command of the economy, Castro's Revolution unfortunately remains the only example of the kind of restructuring Latin America needs. A Chilean technician who had worked 18 months in Cuba put it thus: "Castro may have disillusioned us, and I for one left Cuba a very bitter man, but his Revolution also gave us back the right to our dignity. Now we have to earn it. We will."

Act One of the Vatican Council

by Michael Novak

Cracks have appeared in the centuries-old walls of Curial power, after the first session of the Second Vatican Council. The old edifice has been silently condemned, though the dismantling is still to be done. The Council opened on October 11 under hardly promising skies; but winds of liberation and optimism were blowing when it closed on December 8. Three years ago, Pope John had said the Council was "to let fresh air into the Church," and many sniffed the sharp scent of change. But no one expected the success of the Council to be so complete. Theologians like Küng and Rahner, who before the Council bore the odor of heresy (to Curial nostrils at least), became the lights of Rome, lecturing to the Council Fathers of one national delegation after another. The party of reform, fearful and pessimistic as it assembled in the Curia's own city, came, saw and conquered. Who indeed could have imagined

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the extent of their great success, three months ago!

The Curia, civil service of the Church and executive arm of the Pope, had opposed the holding of the Council. It had quickly learned, however, to respect the Council; it had taken charge of the preparations in an open and satisfactory way – except that its own stamp was on those preparations. That stamp was largely Latin and Tridentine in character: echoing human experience which is not pluralistic, not democratic, not industrial, and not, either, deeply rooted in the history of the People of God: not Scriptural, not Patristic. That stamp represented, rather, a peculiarly a-historical, categorizing analysis which marked Scholasticism in its decadence, whose contemporary analogue seems to be linguistic analysis in philosophy. Such methods produce some good: clear notions, for example; but much of the sweep of life has to be ignored to make them work.

Even to those who hoped a great deal from Pope John, the outlook wasn't good. Pope John is not the free man a pope might seem to be in theory; he can get no more results than men by their free obedience will yield him; he has been forced time and again to yield to the recalcitrance of those around him. He said in the beginning that he would rule by goodness, not pressure, and he seemed at the start of the Council unwilling to buck the Curia directly. His splendid opening address made his sentiments clear enough: he called for a pastoral, not a polemical or an academic, Council and he voiced every large theme dear to the reformers. Then he retired to his chambers and left the Council in the hands of the 2,700 Fathers, his few early interventions seeming to favor first the reforming, then the Latin party. It was as though he was not sure which way the power was going to incline – which way, therefore, he would later have to enter and direct.

Powers of the Bishops

Three dramatic turning points determined the outcome. The first took only 20 minutes of the first general meeting. When a list of committee chairmen, prepared by the Curia, was presented for automatic approval, the Council Fathers voted to adjourn to draw up their own lists. Suddenly, dramatically, effective institutional power in Roman Catholicism had swung from the Curia to the Council of Bishops. For the first time in their episcopal lives (the last Council was in 1869), many of the bishops felt in their fingertips, so to speak, a surge of the power they were ordained to exercise. They began to be conscious of themselves as a Council: as a college succeeding the college of apostles. In a stroke, Roman Catholicism was put on all twelves again, after having inclined for recent centuries in a single direction: Curial Rome.

It is difficult to discuss the next two turning points without a warning. I have had to talk about "parties" at the Council, and the American press regularly used the descriptions "liberal" and "conservative" to designate these parties – as if good Democrats should sympathize with the reforming churchmen, and Goldwater Republicans find natural alliances with the party of Ottaviani. The *National Review* was doctrinaire enough, in fact, to carry an article by Evelyn Waugh called "The Same Again Please: A Layman's Hopes of the Vatican Council." Waugh urged the preservation of the customary level of mediocrity, on the grounds that it reduced meddling and favored individualism. (The essay will certainly become a required reference for insight into the spiritual malaise of Waugh's fictional protagonists.) So there may be a carryover – human nature – between politics and religion. But the differences between politics and religion prohibit the simple transference of the language of one to the realities of the other. A Council Father did not register as a member of a party; the political structure of his homeland often had no relation to his theological convictions; the confrontation between the two parties was not programmatic. The issue was one of *ésprit*, of habit of mind, of purpose. The issue was whether to continue in the trajectory of the late middle ages and the Council of Trent, or to set contemporary sights.

The second turning point occurred on November 21 in the discussions on the sources of Revelation. The reforming party fell short of a two-thirds vote to send back to committee the schema presented by Cardinal Ottaviani's preparatory commission. (Not many days before, the reformers had wisely established a precedent for this type of vote by a seemingly unnecessary vote on the acceptable schema of the liturgy.) On the next day, Pope John took the side of the reformers and ordered the schema to committee. The good Pope went further: he named Cardinal Bea, leader of the reformers, as co-chairman with Cardinal Ottaviani in what had previously been the latter's committee. The Church had rounded another turn.

The turn was crucial because two different approaches to theology, and therefore to human life, were at stake. The theology of clear and distinct ideas – Curial theology one might say – has tended to specify Scripture and Tradition as two clearly separate sources: "What had God revealed about the human situation? Whatever is found *either* in Scripture *or* in Tradition." This distinction put the guardians of Tradition, the Holy Office finally, in a position of equal normative weight with Scripture itself; then, too, they interpreted Scripture. The position is intolerable to Protestants, and not acceptable to many Catholics.

The vote of November 21 and the Pope's intervention made clear that the Council of bishops was taking a different tack than the previously prevailing Curial theology on the relation of Scripture and Tradition. Theologians like Austria's Rahner and America's Ta-

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vard are insisting that whatever God has revealed to us (it isn't much, finally, and it sets us the arduous task of trying to understand it) is found in Scripture, and that the New Testament itself is largely a product of a Tradition – a written record of what preachers were saying to the early Christian communities. There is one source of God's Word: Scripture, as interpreted by Tradition, by the living Church. The teaching of the Church must ever be fecundated by reflection on Scripture and studies of a long, but especially the early, Tradition. Curial theology tends to be cut loose from history, different in tone and impact from the Bible. Contemporary theology is strong by reason of its historical sense, its recovery of the concrete, its technical gains in understating the historico-literary meanings of Scripture, its proximity to prayer and life. The reform party at the Vatican Council is far from turning its back on intelligence in favor of some evangelical enthusiasm. On the contrary, it draws its strength from the vigorous archeological, anthropological and textual advances of the last 75 years – advances which have turned it to a sense of time and history. Christ spoke in the concrete, we work out our lives in the concrete, it is in the complexities of the concrete that the science of theology begins and ends. The present Council is "pastoral" because it is attending to the world in which it takes place, not because it is less scientific than desirable. On November 21, contemporary theology came abreast of Curial theology and by so doing changed the vectors of the future.

The New Church

The third turning point came at the close of the Council. Pope John announced the norms that would guide the interim commissions whose task it will be to prepare the schemata for final ratification in the Council's second session next fall. Pope John placed Cardinal Cicognani, former Apostolic Delegate to the United States and now Vatican Secretary of State, at the head of the commission, to be composed of "several cardinals and bishops." It is clear that the preparatory schemata which Cardinal Ottaviani brought to the first session are to be set aside, and new ones worked out. In spite of harrassments from pre-Council Rome, contemporary theology is so rounded and rich, that given an equal chance, it cannot fail to embarrass its predecessor. Hopes for the interim commission are high. "It cannot fail," said Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis. "The tide is irreversible," a Protestant observer said.

The present Council is also groping its way toward new institutional forms. There are strong demands that the college of bishops retain some kind of permanent international commission – an annual meeting of representatives in Rome, for example. The world view of the Curia is too small for an international Church. But the deLatinization of the Curia will be a long, difficult task; career services do not lend themselves to swift reorganization. Father Küng, whose *The Council, Reform and Reunion* was internationally admired though banned in Italy, has repeated several times that the United Nations in New York is more catholic than the Church. The Council has broken the Church out of its narrow channel, but *it has not yet secured the breakthrough in an effective institutional way*. Nevertheless, talk is rife of "the new Church." Theologians who were pessimistic before the Council – like Küng himself – have been amazed at the dimensions of the victory won by the reformers (and have not failed to point out that many of these reforms were those sought by the Protestant Reformers). The bishops have returned to their homelands re-educated in their theology, aware of their role in an international not a parochial Church, astonished (some of them) to have heard cardinals and bishops sharply arguing positions which they might have once thought faintly heretical or at least far-out. The Protestant observers at the Council sympathized with the liberty and range of opinion among the Council Fathers, though no one, of course, dreams of reunion among Christian churches.

In America, it just may happen that laymen and junior clerics will go at their contemporary studies with more vigor, speak more openly, be less defensive. They had better; for even today, when what is called a "liberal Catholic" speaks to a Catholic audience, he has to cover all his statements with exceeding care lest he disturb sheltered consciences; there is in America little of the audacity and directness of French or German Catholicism. Even in reporting the Council, the American press, both secular and Catholic, failed to be as tart and as informative as the European press. (One reason was that many European prelates took the rule of secrecy about Council proceedings far less seriously than their English-speaking confreres. Father Raymond Bosler, editor of the Indianapolis *Criterion*, published a November 12 story from *Le Monde* to illustrate the difference.) But even so, the news of cardinal arguing with cardinal and the success of the spokesmen of contemporary theology can hardly fail to have got around. In the spring, Cardinal Bea, leader of the reformers, has been invited to come to Harvard for a conference of Protestant and Catholic theologians, a meeting of long-term importance for deepening innocuous American religious life.

What next? Perhaps those, even agnostics, who went through college without ever having taken a formal course in theology should re-open questions long closed. *That* will be the real impact of the Second Vatican Council: the intelligent presence of Christianity in the secular world. Meeting an intelligent, articulate Christian is not yet a common experience in many areas of secular life.

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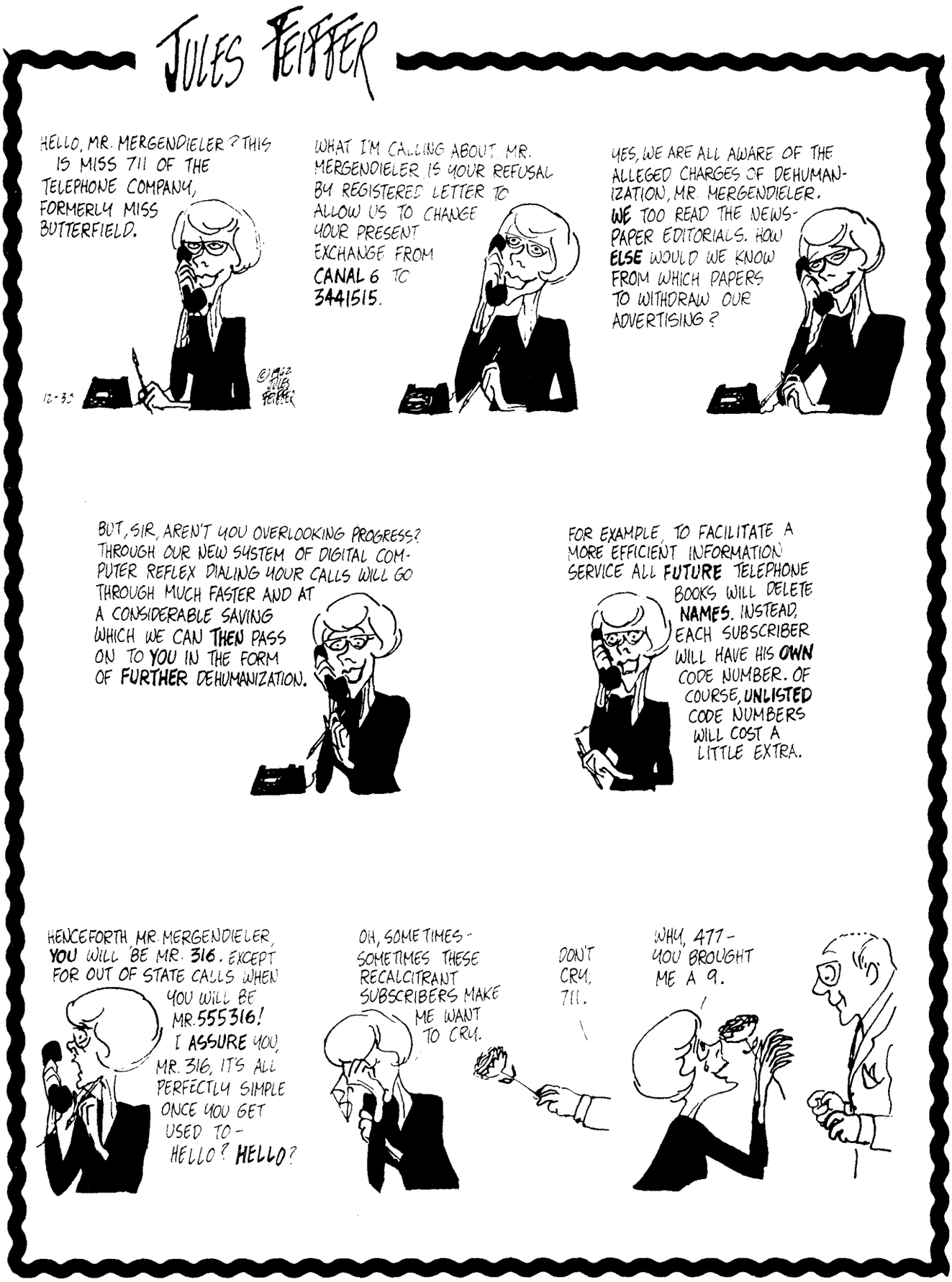
JULES FEIFFER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Elizabethan Tapestry

by Peter Green

It would be idle to deny the arresting physical resemblance between Queen Elizabeth I of England and the aristocratic poet who has, in *The Queens and the Hive*, crowned a lifetime's fascinated obsession with that great and legendary ruler. In 1946 Dame Edith published *Fanfare for Elizabeth*, which described the Queen's girlhood, and may be regarded as a trial run before her present full-scale work: a sampler to a tapestry. The method and technique are much the same in both cases. Dame Edith's overriding aim is the establishment of character. History as abstract generalization – whether military, economic, or even, in the last resort, constitutional – lies outside her field of interest. So while her narrative does advance chronologically, it moves without haste, concentrating on affairs of Court, sharp-focussed in a series of vividly lit tableaux, and acquiring particular immediacy from the author's patent if perhaps unconscious self-identification with her heroine.

The Queens and the Hive
by Edith Sitwell
(Atlantic – Little Brown; $7.50)

A book like *The Queens and the Hive* defies all the rules and trends and yet, somehow, by a mixture of brilliant rhetoric, evocative imagery, and sheer cool daring, manages to convert what might have been unmitigated disaster into almost complete triumph. Dame Edith's method harks back to that of Lytton Strachey, which is offering a sizable hostage to critical fortune before one has written a word. She has the romantic biographer's trick of stating as facts what no one could possibly know – *e.g.* that Elizabeth never mentioned her mother Anne Boleyn's name till the day she died. In the England which Dame Edith describes, the weather is always fiery, lowering, apocalyptic; and she has an odd obsession with the sound of horses' hooves, which herald a good many of the major dramatic episodes described, and on occasion provoke rather silly similes. When I read the words "a sound like that of black armor clashing on black armor" I want to blindfold Dame Edith and find out whether she can distinguish, clash-wise, between black armor and white.

On quite a different level is Dame Edith's striking and most unusual interest in people's hands – one of the many traits which distinguish her from common-or-garden historian. After a while I began to note down instances during my reading. Anne Boleyn, of course, with the rudimentary sixth finger that made her a witch, is not neglected; and the unhappy Henry Darnley possesses "long hands like satin gloves filled with damp sand." (Dame Edith is not exactly a fan of Darnley's: she refers to him as the Waxworks King, and suggests that his death was occasioned by the pox rather than poison – which may be true.) Lady Lennox, however, defeats the Sitwellian eye, having "inexpressive hands, that might have been the hands of anyone." The semantic implications of that *anyone* are fascinating. But how many orthodox historians even bother to study the extant portraits of those they write about, much less form definite opinions of their characters on such a basis?

In the field of Elizabethan history we all take, from the voluminous evidence at our disposal, the things we most want, ignoring the rest. That is the first lesson which *The Queens and the Hive* will bring home to a reader reared in the sober tradition of Sir John Neale and Dr. G. R. Elton. Dame Edith makes no attempt either to rival, popularize, or supersede works such as theirs. Perhaps it is just as well, since any conventional historian could drive a coach-and-four through her scholarship. It is not so much that Dame Edith relies to a very large extent on secondary sources – many writers have done that and got away with it – as that she shows herself, at times, singularly indiscriminate in their selection. To find the names of Froude and Agnes Strickland cropping up among Dame Edith's minimal notes and references may give more than academics pause for thought, since it is by now common knowledge that both of them lacked accuracy – let alone sound judgment – to a quite scandalous degree. The Elizabethan Age, being stuffed with propaganda, factional tittle-tattle, calculated smears-in-print and unblushingly libelous tracts, needs very careful handling. At times Dame Edith trusts the wrong guide; at times she is plain hoodwinked – though here, again, she is in good company.

On the other hand, by sheer intuition and psychological common sense she often enough comes up on the side of the angels. Her opinion of the relationship between Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, the ambitious Earl of Leicester, is charitable; it is also most certainly right, though the bulk of past writers – bedevilled by Court gossip and that splenetic broadside *Leicester's Commonwealth* (1584) – have assumed a darker sort of liaison. With similar probability she also modifies the conventional view of Elizabeth and Essex:

> "Elizabeth's affection for her young cousin has been, probably, vastly distorted. It was not, the present writer believes, an unpleasant infatuation of an old, vain woman for a young man. The lonely Queen, constantly mourning secretly for her childless state – that state that not only left her alone, but threatened dangers to her kingdom – saw in him, perhaps, the son that she might have had."

The cardinal virtue of *The Queens and*

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the Hive is that it forces us to rethink the period, together with its more famous characters, in human, immediate terms. If historical familiarity does not always breed contempt, it certainly callouses the sensibilities. Traditional history inhibits and diminishes our potential response to any given situation. We analyze the murder of Riccio, give judgment on the execution of Mary Queen of Scots; but they do not *touch* us, except perhaps incidentally. Dame Edith, not once but again and again, will rip that veil of abstract cliché away, force us to look squarely at some abominable *fact* that historians have wrapped up in trends and glosses and political weight-balancing. "Riccio, screaming with terror and clutching at her dress, had his little finger bent back till the pain made him release his hold." Who else would have seen the significance, the dramatic impact of that small physical detail?

Herein lies a most curious paradox. Everything about *The Queens and the Hive* leads us to suppose it will be a wildly romantic book: the ornate – one almost says bedizened – prose style, rich and intricate as gold brocade, thick with rhetorical hyperbole, flaunting a purple patch on almost every page; the psychological emphasis on character-motivation; the lavish quotations from contemporary letters, memoirs, and ambassadorial reports; the very nature of Elizabeth herself, here complicated still further by Dame Edith's unique, almost symbiotic relationship to her, which much resembles that between Marguerite Yourcenar and the Emperor Hadrian. Yet *The Queens and the Hive*, far from being a romantic extravaganza, strikes me as a grim – not to say morbid – exercise in poetic realism, a calculated counterblast against the jolly excesses of the Merrie Englanders. Dame Edith sees Henry VIII as the main figure in an Atridaean tragedy; and she has no illusions about the glorious Elizabethan Age. The stinking, oily smoke of the martyrs' bonfires at Smithfield curls through her narrative, and she digresses in detail on that licensed sadist Richard Topcliffe, whose great sport was carving up Catholic priests. (Dame Edith is scrupulously fair to the Catholics throughout: this makes a welcome change from most popular accounts of the period.) Pox, plague, and murder stalk her pages, accompanied by an all-pervasive atmosphere of gross sensuality, venal nastiness, and cut-throat intrigue.

It is all the more horrific to find this festering activity conducted under cover of elaborate Court manners and accompanied by sugar'd sonnets and the most exquisite galliards or pavanes – as horrific in its way as the moment when the red wig rolled away from Mary's severed head to reveal the cropped grey bristles of late middle-age. To this unpleasant paradox Dame Edith shows herself powerfully drawn throughout: indeed, it might be argued that modern psychological hindsight has led her to credit Elizabeth, somewhat improbably, with Webster-like thoughts about death, enhanced by the events of her childhood into a full-blown *timor mortis conturbat me* obsession: "The shadow of Death was not to leave her until that of Mary went to join it, and, together, the two shadows disappeared. For a while only. Then the shadow of Death returned, and this time forever."

Such an interpretation seems dubious in the extreme, and to depend very largely on a *modern* attitude to death as such: with his built-in humane assumptions and well-cushioned life-span man today fears death far more acutely than he did under Elizabeth. Life was cheaper in those days. As for Elizabeth's own attitude to taking off a troublesome head, Dame Edith herself provides what seems to me a far more characteristic episode. When the Queen was told that Essex had been beheaded in the Tower, "there was complete silence in the privy chamber, excepting for the sound of the virginals. The Queen continued to play." I am reminded of these famous lines:

> Charlotte, when she saw his body
> Borne before her on a shutter,
> Like a well-conducted person
> Went on cutting bread-and-butter.

But I would not like to conclude on even a mildly carping note. Dame Edith may be over-earnest about Death and bear-baiting; she may make the occasional historical *gaffe;* yet when we survey this great tapestry of hers, small niggling criticisms are silenced. *The Queens and the Hive* is an extraordinary achievement.

The Cremation

(For Eda Lou Walton)

I burn a slight body
placelessly left in my mind, as best I can:
The flower on a cactus's thistle should do it,
on the wilderness fan
where cloudbursts ride on a Conestoga wheel
in summer electric, storm over storm, in a bitter braking of iron.

But a marvel is worked in the sun. The light
that a boy might point with a burning-glass,
singeing the distance with a deckle of papery rust
or curling the print where the smoke of the stylus passes –
carbon and gossamer – poised upon your dying,
masses like Indian turquoise for your ghost.

Your country
breathes in a lion's slumber:
O rise on that furnace of claws
in the bestiaries of your Armageddon,
enter your desolation and your angers,
and walk to Abraham's bosom, through the paws.

Ben Belitt

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History from Inside

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Francis Biddle's *In Brief Authority* is a wonderful book. It has candor, gaiety, style and insight; it is fascinating both as a public record and as a human document. Its publication completes the autobiography which Mr. Biddle began in 1961 with *A Casual Past*. The two volumes together constitute an addition to the very small list of distinguished American memoirs in this century.

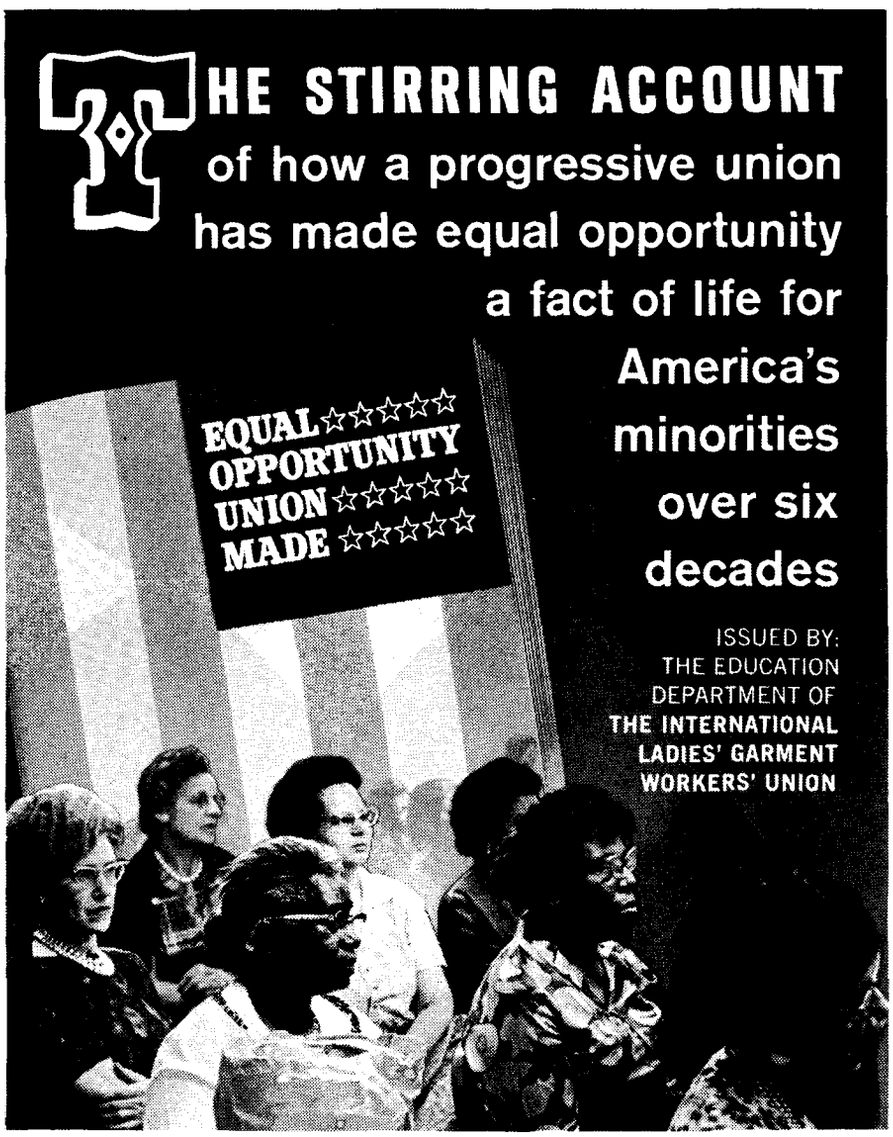
In Brief Authority
by Francis Biddle
(Doubleday; $5.95)

A Casual Past ended with Francis Biddle as a patrician Philadelphia lawyer, stirred by the winds of change blowing out of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Washington. *In Brief Authority* describes his career under Roosevelt – as chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, investigator of the TVA, judge on the Third Circuit Court, Solicitor General and wartime Attorney General. The final section of the book deals with his experience as a judge at the Nuremberg Trials.

Obviously such a succession of jobs would give anyone's reminiscences a minimal historical substance and interest. What makes the Biddle memoirs so exceptional is the author's attitude toward his autobiographical task. The titles of the two books reveal something of his approach. *A Casual Past, In Brief Authority* – a writer who would so skeptically characterize a busy and eminent career obviously does not take himself with undue seriousness. In part, this is the conventional self-deprecation of the Groton-Harvard tradition. But it is also – as his occasional confessions of regret and error make clear – a perfectly authentic sense of his own fallibility.

At the same time, Mr. Biddle recognizes that he was, after all, a witness of great moments and a collaborator in great events; and he sees it as his responsibility to render these events and moments in all their drama and significance. Skepticism and an instinct for history combine to give the work a steady and penetrating perspective on crucial episodes of the New Deal years. The accounts of the tribulations of the Labor Board, of the quarrel between Arthur E. Morgan and his fellow TVA commissioners, of the Japanese evacuations, of Sewell Avery and the Montgomery Ward case, of the Nazis in the dock before the International Tribunal – all are vivid contributions to the external history of the Roosevelt age.

But, more than this, Mr. Biddle brings to his task an unusual talent for what must be called internal history. A sensitivity to people, their characters, moods and relationships, is a quality more common in political life than the layman sometimes supposes; but what is uncommon among politicians is the capacity to define and articulate the private variables in public lives. Mr. Biddle has taken from Henry James not only the title of the first of his two volumes but salient aspects both of literary style and human understanding. His perception of people is cool, complex, sharp and often wicked. His portrait of Roosevelt is probably the most subtle to be found anywhere; and his sketches of Robert Jackson, of Frank Murphy, of Harold Ickes and of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the other figures in the New Deal gallery are invariably astute and telling. The result is history in depth – not the depth of social analysis, but the depth of psychological insight.

As one reads this book, one is struck more than ever by the variety of people whom Roosevelt attached to himself, the variety of bonds he wove and loyalties he evoked. A long shelf of reminiscenses has now appeared – Frances Perkins, Samuel Rosenman, Rexford Tugwell, Cordell Hull, Raymond Moley, Harold Ickes, Henry Morgenthau, Henry Stimson, James Farley, Ed Flynn, Admiral Leahy, Marriner Eccles, Grace Tully and so many others. These books differ widely in tone, preoccupation, attitude and sensibility. What their authors have in common is their profound and sometimes baffled commitment to the enigmatic but inspiring President who was diverse enough to embrace all of them.

A Late Look at "Letting Go"

by Richard A. Rand

Letting Go is a remarkable first novel, the more so for being written by an author whose reputation rests on the polished short story. It is very long to begin with; it takes us to three different cities over a period of half-a-dozen years; and it presents, apart from the three main characters, a score of people from as many different backgrounds.

The critics were struck by this when *Letting Go* came out: and though their praise was certainly qualified, they all agreed it was a work of genuine literary interest. It was frustrating, however – frustrating, I'm sure, for the author – that they then evaded, or dismissed, the task of reading it as a *novel*. Irving Feldman, for instance, writing in *Commentary*, read it exclusively as a social comment on the "Eisenhower fifties," which in no way distinguishes it, to my mind, from an editorial in a little magazine. Other critics, when weighing its weaknesses, put the fault to the author's personality: *The Atlantic* said that "Mr. Roth was too lavish with his gifts"; *Time* that "Roth becomes bogged in solemnity whenever he tries to assess his dreary hero"; Alfred Kazin, in *The Reporter*, said that "the fault is not unevenness or impatience: it is rather a too obstinate point of view, a lack of imaginative values. . . ." Even granting that "lavishness," "solemnity," or "obstinacy" are words that may describe a writer's style, does it necessarily follow that the writer must answer for them personally? Can't these qualities also arise from problems inhering in his material? The great danger, I think, of confusing the work with the author is that it trivializes the work – the work is merely regarded as a naïve disclosure of the author's private world, rather than a larger, mediated presentation of the world more or less artfully fashioned. The real issues in *Letting Go* – what literary effects has the author sought? what literary traditions is he working with? how richly does he realize their possibilities? – have yet to be seriously considered, which to my mind is unfortunate, because I found *Letting Go*, next to *Pale Fire*, the most interesting novel of the year.

Letting Go
by Philip Roth
(Random House; $5.95)

The story is a simple one and by now rather widely known. Gabe Wallach, a rich young Jew from New York ("Harvard, Halvah, and Henry Wallace," as he says) makes friends with Paul and Libby Herz, a young couple in the Graduate School at the University of Iowa. Paul, who comes from a poor family in Brooklyn, is also Jewish, but Libby is a Roman Catholic, and both are disowned by their families when they marry. Paul is a melancholy man, living in a dark world of isolating self-concern; Libby finds his depressions unbearable, and so turns to Wallach for relief. But Wallach can help her in only oblique and peripheral ways. The years go by; Paul mellows somewhat, Libby grows into a devoted and sympathetic wife, while Gabe eventually vanishes from the scene. Three people, in a word, meet the hazards of a common fate, which is their solitude.

Although the plot gives little sense of the novel's substance – its discursiveness, the breadth and effort of its narration – it holds in its span the novel's organizing principle, which is to be found, though somewhat concealed, in the conflicting personalities of Wallach and Herz.

Gabe Wallach shows from the first an obsession about his relationships with others. When his mother dies (page one) he says, "in my grief and confusion I promised myself that I would do no violence to human life, not to another's, and not to my own." This sense of the other, of one's proper distance from those around him, cannot exist without a sense of oneself as a stranger. Distance is crucial to Wallach.

For this reason he's a man of many tendencies. Some of the time he delights in the witty observation, and when he does, the pain of estrangement is modified by the *truth*, that it yields – with being one of the freshest expressions of the mind at home with itself. Of a boring faculty wife he notes " 'Oh I'm thin,' I suppose, admits Pat, fingering her front buttons as though they were little awards for virtue, 'because I'm so busy all the time'."

Gabe isn't often happy with his distance. He's usually at odds with it; feels guilty toward it: a guilt especially toward his own financial and physical well-being. "Phone calls. Love. Money. It did not seem very manly of me to be suffering over my abundance, and I began to wonder, as I went to sleep that night, how I would perform if I were Paul Herz." Wallach gets involved for the most part with people poorer than himself, with a divorcee, with a waitress, and above all with Paul and Libby Herz. It goes without saying that his involvements are a measure for more of his solitary discontent than of any love he may hold for those around him.

Paul Herz, on the other hand, lives a life of direct moral involvement with the fallen world, of outrage at ugliness, injustice, meanness, poverty, cruelty, and filth. Paul doesn't reason, he suffers. He weeps. He has outbursts of anger, sullen retreats, and spells of apocolyptic remorse. Here, for instance, is a passage from a letter which he writes to himself:

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"Pay my way, take my lumps, have my baby. Circumstances. No, me. No! I married her with ideals, all right. Hopes. Love. Caring. I cared for her into the ground. To elevate our lives. To be happy. To be good. What causes pain is that I still want the same, etc., etc."

His anger at things cannot be separated from a profound hatred of his inner self. It destroys whatever freedom he could have from things around him. He is thus condemned to participate in a world of brute contingencies, where every encounter is a crisis, every incident an insult. No distance falls between the chaos around him and the chaos of his own heart. As Wallach says, "[Herz] was forever running – it was this that brought him to my attention – forever running and forever just making it." Where Wallach is always on time because he always thinks ahead, Herz is always waylaid by an accident, however trivial. This is not to say that Herz is close to the people around him – far from it; to be affected strongly by people only implies a sensitivity to their presence, and not a capacity to share life with them. Herz in his torment is unlike Wallach; he cannot even initiate an involvement, however perilous.

Libby Herz is caught between these two. She is marked by resilience, trust, and optimism, all of them threatened but never destroyed. She is asserted, rather superficially, as a foil to a deeper antagonism, and as such she is rather neutral. Our interest, therefore, reverts to the two main characters.

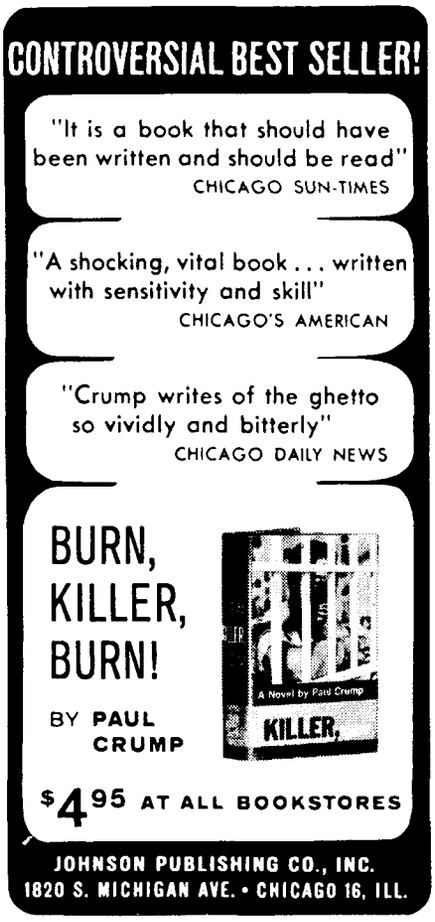
The further we read, the more we see that Wallach and Herz do not merely present divergence of sensibility. Roth's protagonists descend, or receive their expression, from different intellectual traditions. Wallach is the sort of character that Henry James brought into the language. He sounds at moments like a caricature of the Jamesian type:

"The surrealistic arrangements of the objects appeared to be the outward sign of a world static and impersonal, a world in which one moved with an overpowering consciousness of the sound of one's shoes, and of the slight tremulous noise of the breath, the life, in one's nostrils. . . ."

Not only does Wallach sound like James, he is writing his doctoral thesis on James, and he refers on crucial occasions to several of the novels – *The Portrait of a Lady* in particular.

Herz, on the other hand, is out of the Old Testament. It is a fundamental intuition of Jewish thought that man can live well only by surrendering to his historical condition. There is a Yiddish word, *mensch*, which carries the spirit of this insight. A *mensch* is a "good man," one who takes the world for what it is, who resigns himself to its successes as well as its failures. Revolt against the world is in vain, the craving for justice benighted. Such is the wisdom that Herz, by the end of the book, has come very close to attaining. There is, near the end, a moving passage where he meets his mother, after a long separation, at his father's funeral.

"No one moved, just himself, and what rushed to meet him: a figure in black. And now at last he saw who that was too, yes, and now he closed his eyes and opened his arms and what he saw next was his life – he saw it for the sacrifice that it was. Isaac under the knife, Abraham wielding it. *Both!* While his mother kissed his neck and moaned his name, he saw his place in the world. Yes. And the world itself – without admiration, without pity. Yes! Oh yes! What he saw filled him for a moment with strength. Not that in a sweep of forgiving he could kiss that face that now kissed him; it was not that which he had seen. He kissed nothing – only held out his arms, open, and stood still at last, momentarily at rest in the center of the storm through which he had been traveling all these years. For his truth was revealed to him, his final premise melted away. What he had taken for order was chaos. Justice was illusion. Abraham and Isaac were one. His eyes opened, and in the midst of those faces – the faces of his dream, the faces of the bums, all the faces that had forever encircled him – he felt no humiliation and no shame. Their eyes no longer overpowered him. He felt himself under a wider beam."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This is certainly Herz's great moment: thereafter he seeks, in the few times we see him, to live by the "wider beam," to know "the world itself – without admiration, without pity," where "justice is illusion." His life, in a sense, has just begun. If there is anything positive in *Letting Go*, it is the possibility of a Paul Herz pacifying his inner agony, though Roth, to be sure, only points toward it without fully exploring it.

Wallach's tendency is to reject again and again the lure of engagements – be it in the Jewish, Christian, or even pagan spirit – in favor of the knowing distance. To embrace the world is to forget its alien character, and so to forget oneself, to desert the quest for greater self-consciousness.

Letting Go, then, is really two different stories superimposed on one another. It is condemned as such to a kind of irresolution from the start; to the extent that Wallach and Herz are true to themselves, they may collide but they cannot alter each other's development, since neither provides the other

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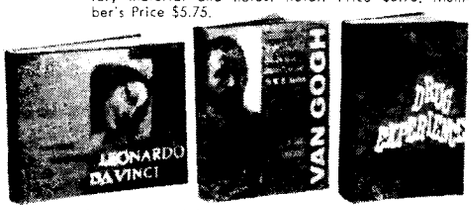

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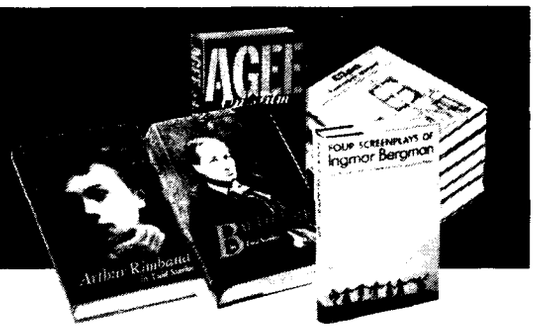

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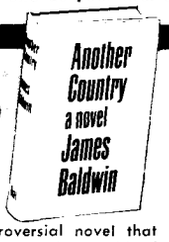

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with an intelligible resolution to his private conflict. Neither belongs in the other's life, save as an incident. The irresolution of the novel becomes its most important statement. The price – and it's a very high one – is the author's obligation to sustain an open ending, to uphold the integrity of his heroes' separation.

All points of view are given in the third person save one, that of Wallach, who fittingly expresses himself in the first person. "I saw this," "I feel that." When a man knows himself as "I," he can think in no other terms; he may try to live with this knowledge happily, or he may destroy himself if he finds it intolerable, but he cannot live without it. I dwell on this because it defines Wallach's fate: his necessity is to remain in the first person; Roth's necessity, if he is to present Wallach for what he is, is to keep Wallach in the first person from beginning to end. And yet Roth does not do that. About two-thirds of the way through, Wallach's point of view is shifted from the first person to the third, and the results are catastrophic: Wallach is no longer himself. He becomes just another Paul Herz, a man thrown upon the brutality of the world around him; he has been deprived, by a device of narrative strategy, of the chance to fulfil his own problematic existence. This amounts to a choice on the author's part, a commitment, if you will, to the Hebraic tradition at the expense of the Jamesian, and as such we cannot quarrel with it; but as an act of fiction it is fundamentally specious; if a shift in Wallach's personality is to have any value as a literary experience, it has to take place in the first, and not the third, person, since it is in the first person that we have come to know him. Roth, by a clever handling of his narrative technique, has announced a total change in his figure without actually working it through. He has abandoned his book instead of writing it, so that the ending, where Wallach throws himself into life with a reckless panic – (he tries to negotiate an adoption for the Herzes) – is literally incredible. I can think of few recent novels so radically self-defeating.

It has other weaknesses too. Whole passages – thousands of words at a time – are thoroughly tedious. But how is this possible? How can the author of *Goodbye, Columbus*, fall into such excess? Overdoing things is but another kind of assertiveness, a sign that the author cannot accept the conflicts of his material, that he has somehow to work them through – the cost.

In time, no doubt, Roth will give us a novel whose art is equal to its scope – in fact, he makes us feel that he couldn't possibly do otherwise. I mean that he invites our trust; of the many mistakes a beginning novelist has to make, one feels that Roth has made the right ones. His errors are his virtues – his urgency, his fervor, his complexity. Should we ask for anything more? If we do, it is only because Roth himself is so intensely ambitious for his craft.

MOVIES

A Passion in the Desert

Lawrence of Arabia
(Columbia)

What *is* there about T. E. Lawrence? Other war heroes have been intelligent and sensitive, have written well about their exploits, yet none exerts his pull on intellectuals and artists. Part of the reason, probably, is that he is the man of action that the intellectual would be if he had to be and could be; part that his character is a continually tempting and frustrating riddle; part that he is a symbolically archetypal modern man. About this last, in a comprehensive and comprehending essay in the current *Hudson Review*, Irving Howe writes: "What finally draws one to Lawrence, making him seem not merely an exceptional figure but a representative man of our century, is his courage and vulnerability in bearing the burden of consciousness." Lawrence faced some of the great emptinesses of our age and had them dramatized for him in the vast physical emptiness of the desert. His Arabian career is a kind of Melville allegory, with sand instead of sea; Bedouins instead of sailors; a goal of victory, instead of a white whale, to wreck him when he reached it.

Now Robert Bolt, the accomplished author of *A Man for All Seasons*, has attempted to read the Lawrence riddle. For Sam Spiegel and David Lean, the producer and director, he has written a screenplay which, with intermission, runs over four hours. Despite this length, Bolt deals only with the Arabian career – the material of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. He takes Lawrence from January, 1917, when he is map-making for British Intelligence in Cairo, to the capture of Damascus in October, 1918, after which he is sent home. Bolt's Lawrence is a wryly supercilious, brave, and thoughtful man, bound on a rack of duty and happily bound there, who finds in killing a reality more terrible than he had hoped for and finds in successful leadership a wine somewhat too strong for him. Before his campaigns are over, he knows that soldiers are the fools of other men and of history and that idealistic soldiers are the worst fools. At the end he seems haunted by the realization that he has subconsciously known all the time that the Arab Revolt would be bilked and that he had pushed this knowledge aside in order to have the fun (his own word) of it all; that the price of this fun is the loss of his taste for life.

I shall not detail liberties that Bolt has taken with *Seven Pillars*. Obviously compression and selection were necessary; some chronological re-arrangement and coloration can be ascribed to dramatic license. Bolt's dialogue is generally lively, precise, evocative – several light-years above the usual original screenplay. But after we have allowed for license and have appreciated the dialogue, we cannot blink the script's shortcomings. We never know, to begin with, why the inept, dreamy map-maker is chosen for the Arab expedition; something is said much later about his skill in languages, but it is insufficient. At intermission-point, knowing that the

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film is restricted to Arabia, we feel there is little to anticipate other than more of what we have already seen: battles, vistas, camel charges (and we are right). The second long interview with Allenby, in which the general appeals to Lawrence to return to the front because he has a great man's destiny, is sticky. Some of the Auda Abu Tayi scenes are transmutations of "noble red man" material from better Westerns.

More importantly, the famous episode of Lawrence's homosexual humiliation by the Turks is badly skimped – symbolized by a lascivious pinch, a flogging, and his being thrown out into the mud. Terence Rattigan hung his whole play *Ross* from this episode, which was another kind of imbalance. But Lawrence did say of the experience: "That night the citadel of my integrity had been irrevocably lost." In the film the episode is unreadable except to the initiate and is not used as a focal point for the strong sexual element – of an averse, puritanical kind – in Lawrence.

Further, in terms of full character presentation, it was crippling to confine the script to the Arabian campaigns. The picture holds to them because it wants to exploit action in widescreen color; but it would have been much more satisfactory if it had condensed some of the derring-do, omitted some, and given us samples of his subsequent activities: his role at the Peace Conference; his literary ambitions and achievements; his hair-shirt, pseudonymous re-enlistments as a private. (Under the opening credits we see the fatal motorcycle accident, but it is not clear how long a post-war time had elapsed or what he had been doing; the sequence is unrelated and pointless except to show that he was worth a posthumous bust in St. Paul's.) To confine an exploration of Lawrence's character to war is as incomplete as it would be with, say, Ulysses S. Grant.

All that noted, it is pleasant to acknowledge that, in most of its execution, the picture is stunning. I have never had a greater feeling of being so thoroughly immersed in a film's atmosphere and of having it compensate to a high degree for faults. F. A. Young's camera-work is much more

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than the lavish color photography I expected; it acts on the viewer to reenforce the temper and tenor of the story, creating a mystique of its own through its vastness, variety, frightening grandeur. Young also tosses off some virtuoso feats: *e.g.*, the gradual resolution of a molten rider approaching through shimmering heat, a number of scenes shot directly into a metallic sun. It is impossible to imagine this film apart from its photography.

The acting, too, is so rich as to elevate the film intrinsically. Peter O'Toole makes his screen debut as Lawrence after a relatively brief but intense English stage career that included three major Shakespearean roles at Stratford. From the start there is the impact of a genuinely theatrical personality; this is amplified by an attractive voice, subtly incisive readings, an interesting, expressive face – a face that is strong yet, in a valuable sense, feminine. There is never a moment's doubt with O'Toole that Lawrence is the extraordinary man he is made out to be. No, that is too negative; he is so good that, throughout the film, we feel that the script is catching up with his complexities.

As Feisal, Alec Guinness comports himself with easy dignity. Anthony Quinn – hook-nosed to match the Kennington portrait – has vigorous conviction as Auda despite his American accent. Jack Hawkins, as Allenby, leavens authority with a touch of pomp, and Anthony Quayle is sturdily ingratiating as a ruddy, roast-beef colonel. Playing a diplomat, Claude Rains, always fine and now a vintage actor, is simply not on the screen long enough to suit us. Arthur Kennedy deals competently with the crass part of the American correspondent who publicizes Lawrence (the name has been changed). A leading Egyptian actor named Omar Sharif, who looks like a serious Terry-Thomas, is glowingly noble as Sherif Ali.

David Lean's direction has had to blend two modes: intimate, delicate, subjective material, and tremendous effects – battles, camel charges, train explosions – in the De Mille tradition as refined by John Ford. For the most part, he guides the film firmly and feelingly in both veins. Some of the intimate scenes drag towards the end; some of the "big" scenes show a tendency to over-exploit the Arabian locations. But there are very few directors who could handle both veins (as Lean also did in *Bridge on the River Kwai*) with such relative success.

All the more pity that after the care expended on this film, the result was smeared with a musical score – played thunderously – right out of an Ali Baba movie with Yvonne de Carlo. Perhaps it cannot be excised, but is it too late to have it toned down a bit?

The picture's fundamental fault is a failure of courage: to take a chance on *not* being a spectacular, *not* to put in all the battles possible, *not* to season with "sure" scenes; to care only for a try at the truth about Lawrence. But if finally it is not first-rate, it is at least the first spectacular for adults, with a fascinating subject, much good writing, excellent acting, and visual experiences that almost touch the other senses.

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RECORDS

Virtuosos at Work

When Bernard Shaw, many years ago, wrote that Madame Albani was interested in music only as a means of displaying her voice, and that her art as a singer was the limit of her capacity for art, he said what was true of other singers and players then and remains true of some today – notably of Vladimir Horowitz. Listening to a phrase of Mozart or Beethoven or Schubert played by Schnabel one heard its rightness and effectiveness as a statement of each composer's phrase; and one had the impression that Schnabel had begun with an image of what he considered the correct statement of the phrase of Mozart as against that of Beethoven or Schubert, and then produced on the piano the sounds that realized his image. With Horowitz one got the impression that he had begun with the varieties of touch and tone he produced on the piano, and made assemblages of these into his statement of the phrase of music; for whether it was a phrase of Beethoven or of Schubert or of Chopin it came out as the same mannered fussing with touch and tone that was no better for Chopin than for Beethoven or Schubert. The Horowitz operation was not for the music-lover but for the person fascinated by varieties of touch and tone and excited by the fireworks Horowitz produced in his transcriptions of *Danse Macabre* and *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, which led Virgil Thomson to remark that when a man could play that kind of thing so satisfyingly one regretted his worrying the standard repertory. The music-lover lost nothing by Horowitz's retirement; nor does he gain anything by Horowitz's return to record the performances of Chopin. Schumann, Rachmaninov and Liszt-Horowitz on Columbia KL-5771 and KS-6371, and specifically the performance of Chopin's Sonata Op. 35, whose very first phrases reveal the continuing and damaging preoccupation with varieties of touch and tone.

Last year I reported the remarkable change from the flamboyance of Artur Rubinstein's earlier recorded performance of this Chopin sonata to the con-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Peter Green's *works include a historical novel,* The Sword of Pleasure. Ben Belitt, *a member of the English faculty at Bennington, has published several books of poems.* Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. *is the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of* The Age of Jackson. Richard A. Rand *is on the English faculty of Cornell.*

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tinence of the performance on RCA Victor LD-2554; and I can now report a similar change from the turbulence of his earlier performance of Mozart's Concerto K.488 to the quiet and steadiness of his playing on Victor LM- and LSC-2634. It is quiet playing which in the first two movements is without the life Gieseking imparts to his more delicate playing on Columbia ML-4536; and Rubinstein doesn't keep Mozart's most incandescent perpetuum-mobile finale going with the sustained and breathtaking momentum that Gieseking achieves. Rubinstein operates effectively in the Allegros of the Concerto K.467 on the reverse side; but in his excessively fast tempo the Andante doesn't have the tremendous effect that Schnabel's slower tempo and powerful inflection give it on Angel COLH-67. The orchestra under Wallenstein that plays with Rubinstein is reproduced better by the monophonic recording.

In Beethoven's Sonata Op. 30 No. 3 on Victor LM- and LSC-2620 (with Brahms's Sonata Op. 78) Rubinstein's playing in the charming Tempo di Menuetto is over-expansively romantic and the violinist Szerying's tone is dry. The performance of this work to acquire is the one recorded by Rachmaninov and Kreisler in 1928, which Victor has reissued at last, together with their previously reissued performances of Schubert's Sonata Op. 162 and Grieg's Sonata, on LM-6099. They are, like the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals performances, fascinating in the way the two dissimilar players – Rachmaninov with his exciting dramatic and projective force, Kreisler with his lyrical grace and sweetness – work together. The album also offers the performance of Bach's D-minor Concerto for two violins (the slow movement cut) that Kreisler recorded with Zimbalist in 1915 – the sound dim, but Kreisler's lovelier tone and more graceful phrasing distinguishable nevertheless. And one side has mostly inconsequential pieces in which Kreisler plays with Farrar, McCormack and his cellist brother Hugo.

For those who enjoy Dvorak's engagingly melodious writing even when it isn't his best, I report good performances of the Symphony No. 4 and the Cello Concerto – the first by Bruno Walter with his recording orchestra on Columbia ML-5761 and MS-6361, the second by Fournier with the Berlin Philharmonic under Szell on Deutsche Grammophon 18755 and 138755.

I remember that Stravinsky's *Les Noces* was an effective sound-track for Bronislava Nijinska's tremendous ballet years ago; but I get nothing from the endless reiterations of the piece by themselves, in the performance conducted by Stravinsky on Columbia ML-5772 (mono). With it on the record are *Renard*, another Stravinsky piece that doesn't work for me, and the parodistic *Ragtime* for eleven instruments.

The controversial Scherchen performance of Handel's *Messiah* first issued by Westminster some years ago has been reissued on Vanguard BG-631/3 (mono only). What aroused controversy was not the fact that the performance employs the small chorus and the orchestra Handel wrote for, which produce an approximation of the original sound and texture of the work; and not the fact that the sound and texture which the London Philharmonic Choir, the soloists headed by Margaret Ritchie and the London Symphony produce under Scherchen's direction are very beautiful; but solely the fact that some of his tempos are much faster or slower than the traditional ones. The test of right or wrong is the effect they give the music; and it turns out that in some instances the music gains a great deal in the untraditional tempo but in others it is damaged by the excessive speed or slowness.

Eberhard Waechter's performance of Schumann's marvelous *Dichterliebe* cycle with Alfred Brendel on London 5696 and OSA-25330 is good, except for his habit of exaggerated swelling of tone in inflection of phrase (and the monophonic sound is much too bright and sibilant). But the performance to acquire is still Fischer-Dieskau's with Demus on Decca 9930. His voice has lost the youthful bloom it has in that performance; but it remains a superb instrument, which he deploys in the phrase with a technical control and a sensitivity to the musical flow and shape and to the sense of the words that makes his singing of the songs – and specifically his performance of Schubert's *Die schoene Muellerin* cycle with Gerald Moore on Angel 3628 (mono) – the most distinguished and affecting of today.

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Cooking the News

Sirs:

In the fall of 1961 the cause of the "free world" was substantially strengthened: Antonin Buzek, correspondent of the Czechoslovak Press Agency in London, betrayed his country. Buzek began to feel his urge "to choose freedom" only at the time when he was to be relieved of his duties in London and in order to acquire pounds from his new employers he began to write slanderous articles about the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic in general and about Czechoslovak journalists in particular.

Mr. Stanislav Koutnik in his article in *The New Republic* of December 29, 1962, quoted Buzek [as saying that in] Czechoslovak journalism "almost all news must be slanted, adapted to the party line or, in the cynical jargon of a Communist journalist, 'cooked'."

Koutnik entitled his article " 'Cooking' the Cuban News" and tried to prove that Czechoslovak journalists distorted the facts about the Cuban crisis and deceived their readers and listeners. I have not met Mr. Koutnik but when I read that he was a research associate at the Russian Research Center, Harvard University, that fact gave rise to my

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strong doubts about the scientific standards of that institution.

Some concrete facts:

On October 25, 1962, Radio Prague broadcast my report from the mass meeting against the activities of the House on Un-American Activities. This meeting took place the day before in Manhattan Center at 34th Street in New York City and under influence of events changed to a significant degree into a demonstration against US policy against Cuba. I quoted some of the speakers as well as the contents of leaflets and newspaper articles circulated in and outside the hall and I ended my report with the following words:

"The only thing printed supporting the policy of US Government which you could obtain at the meeting in Manhattan Center were the leaflets of the American Nazi Party. They were distributed by 12 youngsters who picketed outside the entrance under the banner with stars and stripes and with the slogan, 'To gas chambers with traitors!' Nothing could be more typical." Koutnik "cooked" this quotation in his *New Republic* article. He did not bother to describe the contents of the report, omitted the adverb of place and referred to the passage "adapted" in this manner as my evaluation of the general atmosphere in the United States during the Cuban crisis.

He wrote: "Kyncl thus describes the response to the whole crisis as felt in the USA – 'The only thing printed supporting the policy of the Kennedy Administration was distributed by 12 youngsters posted outside the entrance to an office here in New York. . . . There were leaflets issued by the American Nazi Party. Nothing could be more characteristic of the aims of Kennedy's policy'."

I have lived for some time in the United States, and I have read primarily American newspapers and I have not at my disposal all other articles of Czechoslovak newspapers and the transcriptions of Radio Prague broadcasts which Koutnik mentioned. Judging by the experience which I have just described, I have warranted doubts about the originality of some of them and obviously I have objections of principle to Koutnik's interpretation of those quotations.

Personal interpretation is, of course, a fundamental right of every journalist and I do not intend to deny this right to Koutnik even if he denies it to Communist journalists. However, he has the right to make his own interpretation of facts, not to fabricate them.

Karel Kyncl
Radio Prague Correspondent
New York City

Stroke of the Pen

Sirs:

I am writing to correct an erroneous impression you probably left with your readers with your December 1 note, "Stroke of the Pen." You state that (1) urban renewal projects are coming to include larger portions of upper middle-income housing, (2) such projects are integrated only in theory and (3) Negroes who are displaced by such projects wind up in ghettos.

The facts are (1) that the emphasis on housing in urban renewal projects has been increasingly on homes for low-income and middle-income families. In addition to the public housing already built in such areas, nearly 13,000 units of low-rent housing alone are now scheduled in project areas in 59 cities in 21 States.

In addition, single family homes for sale and rental apartments have been and are being built in many urban renewal areas for families of modest means. The ILGWU homes in New York's West Side, recently dedicated by President Kennedy, make up only one example.

As for (2), it is a fact, regrettably little known, that many urban renewal projects in Northern cities have had an open occupancy policy which antedated by several years the President's Executive Order on Equal Opportunity in Housing. Two outstanding examples are the Southwest project in Washington, D. C., where non-white families comprise 7 percent of all residents, and the famous Lake Meadows and Prairie Shores projects in Chicago.

As for (3), the record shows that from the beginning of the urban renewal program in 1949 until 1962, more than 80 percent of the 127,000 families displaced by urban renewal operations were rehoused in standard housing – practically all of them in much better quarters than their former slum homes. Of the remainder, 6 percent left town, 6 percent disappeared from their given locations, and slightly more than 7 percent moved into substandard housing on their own although they had been offered standard housing.

To be sure, much of the decent housing found for displaced non-white families has been in neighborhoods occupied predominantly by non-whites. Frequently this has been the only good housing available to these families at prices they can afford, and, in the absence of a positive community program of non-discrimination in housing, local relocation officials have had to make use of whatever good housing was

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available for their purposes.

A great deal of new housing for such families also is being constructed, both on and in connection with urban renewal projects. For example, the low interest rate housing program, authorized in the Housing Act of 1961, already has resulted in applications from builders for more than 10,000 units of such housing.

William Slayton
Urban Renewal Commissioner
Washington, D. C.

Naked Lunch

Sirs:

I should like to say "hear, hear" to Richard C. Kostelanetz's condemnation (December 15) of John Wain's review (December 1) of William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* and to add a few words of my own. Most irresponsible are Wain's literary criteria: literature is of value, according to Wain, only when its author is pleased with the world ("loves life," "isn't depressed," has "normal values") and is hence neither angry, horrified, nor embittered, savage. Wain's ideas, carried not very far along their absurd path, necessarily lead one to drop as literature such works as *A Modest Proposal, Gulliver's Travels, Ship of Fools,* or *1984.*

Wain's blindness leads one to speculate about the possibility that Burroughs' nightmare vision may unfortunately be closer to the present (and future) truth than any of us like to imagine. For *Naked Lunch* is above everything, not a tract against drug-addiction *per se,* but rather an anti-Utopian anti-novel – in the tradition of Celine yes, but also in the tradition of other satiric Utopianists. Swift's vision of the Struldbrugs, for example, is comparable for its use of the shock of disgust, its point being the essential stupidity of man's pride in his intellect. Burroughs' description of the never-never-land of "Interzone" obliquely makes the same point. The "Senders," one of the main political parties, are the present promoters of advertising and other social means of conformity and the future users of "telepathic transmitting," a means of "biocontrol" of the population. As Burroughs' "speaker" tells it:

> "A telepathic sender has to send all the time. He can never receive, because if he receives that means someone else who has feelings of his own could louse up his continuity. The sender has to send all the time, but he can't ever recharge himself by contact. Sooner or later he's got no feelings to send. You can't have feelings alone."

Burroughs, like Swift, carries to its logical if horrifying conclusion the original premise with which he begins. Since sending is a one-way process, the Sender in the end becomes a (Joycean) "centipede" to be destroyed and replaced by the creatures he has controlled, themselves incapable of initiating feeling or behavior. Burroughs' "speaker" adds:

> *"You see control can never be a means to any practical end. . . . It can never be a means to anything but more control. . . . Like junk . . ."*

Throughout *Naked Lunch* one sees man, controlled by junk and/or other men, turning into a monstrous larva-like creature or a savage beast. Throughout, Burroughs' satiric targets include doctors, especially surgeons, scientists of all sorts, as well as ad-men and politicians; in short, all those who have devalued man as well as all those who, puffed up with their own pitiful knowledge, imagine that they can recreate his as they wish.

I have said nothing of the technique of Burrough's utopian satire, his special 20th Century mingling of past, present, and future, in the manner of *The Waste Land* or of Pound's *Cantos.* I have said nothing either about Burroughs' mordant humor which is Rabelaisian albeit less heterosexually healthy. The ultimate horror of Burroughs' vision of homosexual sex, moreover, lies in its relation to death, a relation of course that omits the reproductive intermediate step of birth. A vision emerged, therefore, of a society rushing headlong into annihilation – morally, politically, sexually, intellectually. Junk is one means of personal annihilation in a world aimed at the annihilation of persons.

Florence Howe
Goucher College

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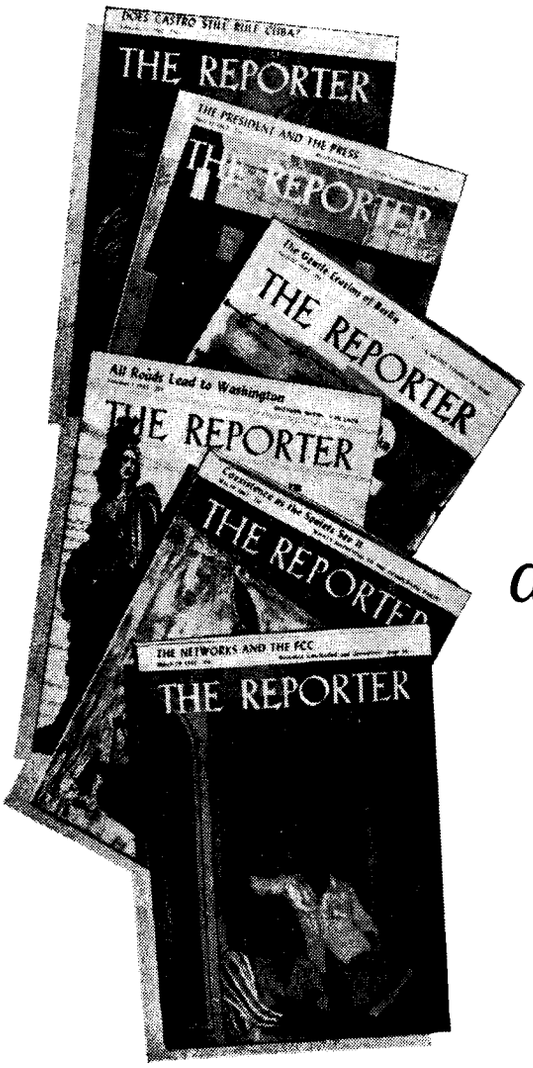

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